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FROM VIRGNIA.

LETTER FROM MISS C. F. PUTNAM.

NORTHUMBERLAND County, Va., June 24th, 1869.

GLOWING hot weather, felt from the early dawn of these long days till dark, gives full notice that the summer solstice is here.

St. Johnswort shows itself in time to keep off the sprites of this midsummer-night, if we choose to defend ourselves by hanging it over the door in the old English fashion. Our three great tulips trees have shed their myriad blossoms, and the magnolia glauca, (known here as *laurel*) has done scenting the air with its few, but powerfully fragrant breathed flowers.

Catalpas now ornament the woods with great bunches of speckled bloom, and over them the tops of magnificent chestnut trees bristle with budding tassels. Underneath, their small kindred the chinquapins, are out with poor imitations of flower, as by and by they will be of fruit, looking like tiny chesnuts.

Close to the ground cling the patches of prickly-pear, spreading their large, light yellow flowers, threaded with slender stameas, after the manner of the cactus tribe. A grateful, penetrating odor betrays the grape vine clambering in the thickets, as we pass, and the dew is on lovely wild roses if we are out as we ought to be with Parepa's milkmaid,

"At five o'clock in the morning."

But let no Yankee meditating emigration to Virginia dream he will ever see the June of Lowell's song.

Instead of green fields and the golden chalced buttercups, here are tracts of fallow ground, with last year's dry corn-stalks and "blue-weed," or the long interminable rows and rows of the present crop—"waist high," as the people proudly declare it now. Robins and bobolinks do not stay here summers. A bobolink gave us a familiar song one day in May, as he rested in his passage to the fairer clover fields of the North. The famed mocking-bird is not half so sweet and persistently musical as his cousin the cat-bird. The one bird that "sings and he sings, and forever sings he," is the singing wren, a larger species than the little Jenny Wren we know best.

Barrels of green apples, and "cherries ripe," with eggs, coops and coops of chickens, ducks, geese, guinea hens, bunches of onions, etc., waited Saturday morning for the steamer to come along on its way from Baltimore to Washington. This small traffic helps the means of living of these Virginians, both white and colored. One colored woman had a lively chase after some of her ducks and chickens, that broke out of their coop.

Wheat harvest began last week, and it is delightful to hear the ex-slaves talk of *choosing* to work or not in the hot field at $2.50 per day. May the labor-monopolist match the landed one! Then tax the land for schools, roads, government, etc., till these working men "scuffle" (in Steptoe Ball's expressive phrase), and turn about and get an acre of their own to stand upon, and fight out the problem of existence fairly with the white men.

This is the story one of these wrestlers with fortune told me yesterday morning as he paddled his "*cōoner*" (canoe) in the Tocomaco, an estuary like the Coan near the mouth of the Potomac. "I've been sailing ever since I was a little 'teeny' fellow, not big enough to lift a kettle on to the stove." "Why, what could you do?" "Cook; Massa Charles had a vessel that went to Baltimore and Washington and kept me always on it. After the war he said he wouldn't take $600 a-piece for us if it was offered to him, for he should get us all back again. I told him 'no, he wouldn't, for so much fighting and killing hadn't been for nothing, and it would have to keep on till there wasn't but *one man* left first.' He knew I meant *him* and he's never troubled me since.

"I have to pay thirty dollars a year for an acre of ground; they won't sell the land to us. I had my house to put up on it. This was the way I got the logs: Mr. H—— said he would give me enough logs if I would bring him some things he had in Westmoreland, in my boat. So I did, and made my house." "What roof is on it?" "Slabs. I paid a dollar a hundred for them." "How do you expect to raise the thirty dollars to pay rent?" I have put the whole of my ground into sweet potatoes, and hope to have a hundred bushels, that will sell for $100 at least. But what I would be so glad to do, would be to get a vessel and help ourselves carry our oysters, and corn, chickens and eggs, and all we have to send to market. A small sloop that would carry four or five hundred bushels would be big enough. I think in a good time I might be able to pay for it in one fall. It would cost about $450. I have known two or three colored men who have done so, and Massa Charles' cousin said he would be on the lookout in Baltimore, and if he found a vessel he would help me to get it. But I don't reckon he likes this voting." I saw at once what a sensible, practical plan it was, and promised to tell our Northern friends, and may be some plan would appear by which he would yet be aided to the desire of his heart. How these life-long, plundered poor have to wrench from those that hinder and hate them every privilege of life! If they are industrious and get oysters, the land-owners forbid their moving and selling the *shells*, but *claim* them, as Mr. Claybrook does, for the benefit of his land.

The political future of Virginia is shaping too under the experience and thoughts of these people. This county is favored by one loyal radical; and the colored people have instinctively named him for the Legislature. Sectional prejudice, instigated by Rebel hate, is stirred against him. A rebel knocked him down last court day. One of the colored voters, Glasgow Blackwell, spoke eloquently Friday evening—"I'm in favor of Mr. Nash because he's a stranger to whippin' and sellin'! Because he's a stranger to the old ways of our masters, and to all their 'unjustness' towards us!" Another said—"I always shall lay close to them that help to break the yoke off of our necks. I want a man who has lived under them laws at the North, like our new Constitution."

So, spite of every pretext to squander their minds, they keep to Mr. Nash; and in two weeks it will be decided whether a true Radical represents the great interests of justice and the principles of free government, or one of the old *regimé*, under the name of *Conservative* Republican. There never was a more open trick than this, and it should be known to all who care for equal justice that the Conservative Republican party of Virginia means rebel power reinstated. It is the shame of Northern journals that they have treated the two opposing parties in Virginia as naught to choose between. It is, in *The Tribune*, that has been especially trying, the lack of moral discrimination that bailed Jeff Davis, and gave money to Lee's College. Give the State over to the so-called Conservative party, and it tramples down with cruel and burdensome taxes the poor. It refuses education, as it always has done, to white and black. Eighty thousand native white Virginians that cannot read or write! It keeps the old clumsy system of county organization, hindering public benefit of every kind, as roads, bridges, etc., and lays taxes in which the people have no voice. One result is that here in the oldest English portion of the United States, all these indications of public prosperity are wanting. Roads in as frightful a state of neglect as on the back frontier of civilization. If one more issue of *The Tribune* can give its earnest warning to elect *Wells* instead of *Walker*, let it hasten to do so if, perhaps, it can amend its mistaken indifference by turning the scale of a single county vote. The next county north, Westmoreland, holding the birth-place of Washington, has not one unmistakable white Northern Radical, to be the nucleus of the loyal vote. Take then the native Virginian, Henry Seldon, educated by our Union officers he served, and who will give every vote, as it was the honorable boast of Henry Wilson he and Charles Sumner had done in the Senate, for liberty.

Virginia must be agitated as Congress has been. Virginia is so alien to the true American idea, that the Fourth of July never entered into the calender of holidays; but has kept to the old English ones, Christmas, Easter, Whitsunday. The colored people know nothing of Independence Day. Let more Northern people come with their traditions of free schools and newspapers, (there isn't one newspaper in these fourteen old counties) with their Northern intelligent farming, rotation of crops, iron axles instead of wooden ones for carts, with cook-stoves and ploughs, with money and ideas, and we shall be able to have a postmaster that can read and write his name, and a deputy that wasn't one of Mosby's men,—and magistrates who will not tax every poor colored boy of sixteen $4.25, as these old county officers did year before last, and last year $3.18, to pay for salt confiscated in blockade times, and valued at confederate money prices!

C. F. P.

THE FIFTEENTH VERSUS THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

THE Woman Suffrage Movement is suddenly developing a new phase. It opposes the Fifteenth Amendment. This opposition is increasing. It has been rather the fashion to accuse those advocates of Female Suffrage who oppose this Amendment of insincerity and treachery to the principles of Liberty. Doubtless some of them are thus guilty: also, doubtless many of them are not. One cannot be false to principles one has never believed. Incredible as it may at first seem, there are many workers in the Woman Suffrage movement who have never learned the lesson set this Nation during the past generation, that distinctions founded upon differences of race are fatal to a people that establishes them. They have only learned the danger of such distinctions founded upon differences of sex. Anglo-Saxon women, they desire to stand equal with Anglo-Saxon men. They say: "If you give the ballot to us, we, of course, will then admit all races to its privileges; but, if you give the franchise first to these ignorant negroes, taught by slavery to despise women, these foreigners, these semi-barbarous Chinese, they, 'drest in their little brief authority,' will use it to put off the day of our liberation,—and meanwhile, grave-yards are crowded with our starving sisters, and streets are filling with desperate ones."

What answer? Is Democracy then a dream? Are its principles but "glittering generalities" after all? Was it all a mistake that we deemed that Mazzini and the Cretan, Stuart Mill and the Cuban, Wendell Phillips and Anna Dickinson were leading separate divisions of *one* army, fighting the world over for the same end, a larger liberty? Race-hatred, distinctions of caste, the aristocracy of sex, we had thought them all foes of Republicanism. We had supposed that a victory over one brought nearer the day of triumph over all,—the day when the groaning earth shall be delivered from all these monstrous shams that have cheated us with their hollow mirage for so many centuries.

"For mankind is one in spirit, and Humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibres, feels alike the gush of joy and shame."

"Let justice be done though the heavens fall," though, as Nasby's paper very sensibly remarks, "the more justice is done, the more the heavens won't fall." Their Maker fashioned them on no such rotten foundation. He created them expressly to stand, and stand they will. If the Democratic principle of extended suffrage is correct, would it be just to refuse it to the Chinese immigrants, for fear that after they receive the franchise they will not vote just as we want them to vote? That, after all, is the question squarely put. I know its naked merits are often hidden in rhetoric, ay, and that thinking of it, trying to see it fairly, our eyes are blurred with the tears of outraged, trampled womanhood, and yet, I think, this is the plain question to be decided. We have just finished a bloody war; the nation is racked yet with turmoil and bitter contention, because many years ago our fathers said, "If we expel this germ of race distinction between the black and white, the Republic we have fought for, the hope of the world is delayed for generations. Groaning millions of trampled peoples call to us,—their destiny waits upon our action. It is a little thing, let it go. It will cure itself in time." We see the error now. It is so easy to see an error a generation too late, and the judgment upon this one has been written so plainly upon the wall; for, as Wendell Phillips says, though the turning from justice then was so slight, "It took a microscope of the love of justice to see it, but, in a hundred years and less, it widened, and between the two points are half a million graves and three thousand millions of debt."

Now a new question of race presents itself beside the new question of sex, as the old one stood beside the question of a Republic's existence, in those early days. Fearful and shuddering, women cry, "If we cast out this little prejudice, our hopes are ruined. Indeed, we ought not to do it. Millions of suffering women call upon us; we cannot turn deaf ears to their cry." Oh! women of America, will you unread the past, and make your appeal to a pride of race which war has almost burnt out from the American heart? Will you fan the smouldering flames of prejudice to gain the ballot for yourselves? It is a slight turning from justice now. Your microscopes can hardly make it visible, but who can tell how far it may lead us? It is idle to suppose that in this year the nation will refuse to pass the Fifteenth Amendment out of any sense of justice to women. If it is done, the country will be prompted to such action by a prejudice against race, and an underlying distrust of democratic principles. Are the women who, in their efforts to gain suffrage for themselves, stand face to face with a similar prejudice against sex, and the same distrust of the principle of extended suffrage, prepared to inflame this kindred prejudice and increase this disbelief?

Would we then desire women to wait, to brood in silence over the wrongs of centuries, while men of all races receive the franchise? By no means. This cause is as holy as any other. We only desire that these two divisions of one army, fighting under the one banner of Equality, strong only in virtue of the self-same truth, whose "changing affluence" alone differs in these questions of race and sex, should not turn their arms against each other. Work together or separately, but in God's name work not in opposition to each other.

Remember Anna Dickinson's assertion, "If I know myself I would go wanting all my days, die steeped in misery to the lips, ere I would gain one right or secure one privilege at the expense of any one more helpless and miserable than myself." Do you say that woman are greater sufferers than these outcasts, dragged hither from Africa, or thrown out upon our coasts from Asia's swarming lands? Remember O'Connell, who, when twenty-seven votes were offered him for unhappy Ireland if he would be silent on the slave question, answered, "Gentlemen, God knows that I have the most hapless constituency upon which the sun ever set, but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth before, to help Ireland, I keep silent on the negro question."—*L. B. C.—The Woman's Advocate for July.*

"PEACE" IN TEXAS.

MURDER OF DANIEL JOHNSON AND CHARLEY THOMPSON—ROWDIES RAMPANT.

HEMPSTEAD, May 1st, 1869.

EDITORS, HOUSTON UNION—I see by your paper that Daniel Johnson and Charles Thompson were hung on the 28th, near this place. Such was an error; they were not hung, but brutally shot. The particular are these:

On last Tuesday, the 27th, Jim Stevenson, Mat. Bell, Elige Bell and one of the Belchers went to Thompson's house and arrested Daniel Johnson and Charles Thompson, and said they must go to Hempstead for trial, that they had killed a cow belonging to Bud Montgomery. About two miles from there, they shot and left them, and rode into Hempstead and bragged that they had killed two niggers, and they carried on their deviltry the balance of the day. On Wednesday some freedmen came in here to see what had become of Thompson and Johnson. They went to Springfield's store, and he (Springfield) told them that if they would go to a man's house near where the murder was committed, he would tell them where the bodies were, and take them and bury them, that it was no use to hold an inquest over them, and the less said about it the better it would be for them. On Thursday and Friday, these desperadoes, after drinking until about half drunk, carried on in a riotous manner, riding their horses on galleries, shooting dogs, ringing the hotel bell, and trying to mob Mr. Quick, of the Union, about the time the train started for Houston, and finally wound up the evening by sending out word to some of the freedmen that they gave them until Sunday night to leave this part of the country. On Saturday morning they had agreed to murder three freedmen, but were prevented by the arrival of the Brenham train with a squad of twenty soldiers. It was quite amusing to see them leave here in a hurry. Jim Stevenson, it will be recollected, killed two United States soldiers here about two years ago, and when there are troops here, he is always absent. Elige Bell killed a freedman here on Christmas day, and has been missing since. Mat. Bell is concerned in murder also, as well as Belcher. Ed. Pierce killed two freedmen after the war closed, and their followers threaten that if they are prosecuted, they will kill all those who prosecute them. The Mayor who was in office at the time—of course a Reb., as well as the Sheriff and Marshall—did not care so long as they confined themselves to killing freedmen. I trust the General commanding will take such steps as he may think proper for the protection of the citizens and freedmen. Although they come in here and do what they think or choose, yet no one dares to arrest them. We may call them the Western desperadoes of this part of Texas.

Johnson was killed simply because he was a Loyal League man, and just as soon as the military leave here the same programme will be enacted, only on a more extended scale. After the military arrived here, a man who keeps the livery stable where these men kept their horses procured them shooting irons and a bottle of whiskey, (about two hundred yards from where the guard was standing) and told them to leave here. The citizens are, at least some of them, such friends that it would be almost impossible to capture them, and the only way is to take up some of the principal men of this place and make them confess where they are, or cause the citizens to arrest them. If the officers, that is the civil officers, are chosen from these ex-Confederates, they never will be captured, because they sympathise with them. I leave this day by the train for Houston, never to return to live in this place again. I have only been here for the past week, and have gathered these facts from reliable persons. It was my intention to make this place my home, but under the circumstances I think it best to leave.

A LOYAL LEAGUE MAN.

IN an account of several murders the *Tyler Index* says:

In this connection it would be well enough to mention a murder, which took place at Mr. Moody"s house, about six miles from the village of Cedar Grove, in Kaufman County, some two or three months ago, and which, so far as we know, has never been published and but little spoken of Mr. Harrison of Van Zandt County was there murdered by a wooden-leg renegade from Missouri, without the least cause or provocation whatever. Mr. Harrison was a peaceable, quiet, industrious, unoffending citizen; a rebel or conservative in politics, but meddled with the business of no one. The only reason assigned by the murderer for the crime was, that he supposed Mr. Harrison was a Revenue officer. The murderer was arrested and kept in custody for a few days when he was suffered to escape. He was never taken to prison or tried even by an examining court. We are informed that Judge J. M. Harrison, brother of the deceased, and member of the Secession Convention of 1816, made the following statement in regard to this unhappy affair, namely, that had the assassin known the politics of the deceased he would not have committed the crime.

STILL ANOTHER.

From the Texas Vindicator.

Some weeks since we stated the particulars of the robbery of some negroes about four miles from town, by two fellows assuming the names of Williams and Jones, who had been working with Mr. John W. Collins. The pursuit of them was fruitless, they got into Arkansas before they could be overtaken.

On Saturday last a negro came into town, about three o'clock P M., and said a man had put a pistol to his breast and took his horse from him. As soon as practicable, the Sheriff, accompanied by an efficient posse, and taking along the robbed negro, went in pursuit, and up the branch between Latimer's and Gordon's fields, they came in sight of the man seated on the horse; the robbed negro and another freedman being the first who saw the thief, who as soon as he found himself pursued, got off the horse and took into the thicket. The overjoyed negro made for his horse, and got him, and put back to town. A portion of the party, headed by Sheriff Carroll, sought to trace the robber, but for a long time were unsuccessful; and finally concluded to go up the branch and endeavor to cut him off from a probable attempt to get to the heavy body of timber north of the prairie, which extends twenty-six miles in one direction. With this thought they rode to the point of timber above the place of Jas. E Hopkins, Jr., and just at the edge of it, near the road to Rowland, behind a fallen tree found the man they were in pursuit of.

John Jamison, who first saw him, lying at full length with his face to the ground, brought his pistol to bear upon him, and then ordered him to surrender. He replied to this by two pistol shots; one of which entered a sapling between him and Jamison, and another of which went through Jamison's boot leg. Jamison returned one fire from the only load in his pistol. The fellow then ran about three hundred yards, but was cut off by the Sheriff and two others. They proposed to him to surrender as he was outnumbered; but he commenced firing and emptied his six-shooter, firing deliberately and unexcitedly, while two double-barreled shot guns and a pistol were working on him. He killed the horse of Isaac Reed, but hurt neither of his assailants, and finally fell with fourteen shots in him, with his discharged six shooter in one hand, and a loaded derenger in the other. He was then told to lay down his arms and hold up his hands, which he did, and a wagon from the barracks being procured he was as soon as practicable hauled into town and placed in the hospital under charge of Surgeon Crooks who examined his wounds and did what could be done to alleviate his pain. One shot entered the abdomen, and internal hermorage caused his death between 11 and 12 o'clock that night. The writer of this was with the Sheriff and a few other citizens who visited him soon after dark, and questioned him of his associations and career, warning him that he probably had not long to live. He was evidently indisposed to talk, and made the excuse that it hurt him to talk.

He was questioned as to his name, and still called himself John Williams, though the Sheriff knew his name to be John Moyer. He said he had stolen but two horses, which was certainly false. Asked about his former companion, Jones; he said they had fallen out about ten days before, and parted in Hopkins County, and he knew nothing about Jones' movements. It impressed itself upon us that he was a member of a sworn gang, and indisposed to divulge. He said in general terms, however, that "he had been riding about for the past two years doing devilment." He was about nineteen years of age, and certainly fearless, reckless, and utterly devoid of principle. Mr. Yates with whom he once lived, near Boston, and at whose residence near Paris, he tried to stay a day or two before coming down here, says he was at one time, an excellent hand to work, and apparently unobjectionable; but he got with the Baker gang, and after that he could not control him, and had to drive him away. The same evening this boy was pursued, two very rough, bad looking men, on ponies, with ropes, but no baggage, and armed, passed directly through town, not stoping or speaking to any one. We are satisfied that there is an organized gang of villains about, living on horse stealing or any other sort of robbery opportunity may favor. One by one, however, their career is arrested, and it will not be long before the last of them goes up a tree or suffers a still speedier death. Their existence is incompatible with the security of life and property of better members of the community and ere long we hope to chronicle their final extermination or disappearance.—*Standard.*

VARIED INDUSTRY.—DEVELOPMENT OF THE RESOURCES OF THE SOUTH.

A BRIEF pamphlet, filled with fact and suggestion, is before us, with the above title. It is written by G. B. Stebbins, and is being circulated in the South. Some extracts will give an idea of its aim.

The South is entering upon a new era. "Let us reason together" on the work of to-day, to see how we can best help to an auspicious future for a region so rich in natural resources.

Its singular advantage is in the variety of those resources—lands on the coasts and river-bottoms, of wonderful fertility, fitted for cotton, rice and sugar, and plains, and mountain valleys, and hills, yielding wheat, and corn, and grass of finest quality, wait to be tilled; fruits, from the orange to the peach and apple, can be produced; swift streams are ready to serve man by turning many water-wheels; large rivers can be navigated far up to the interior; great mines of iron and copper, beds of coal, and quarries of stone wait to be opened; mountain streams flow over golden sands, vast forests stand ready to serve human needs; spacious bays and noble harbors are along thousands of miles of coast, on ocean and gulf, and the mild, yet salubrious air of its upper valleys favors finest vigor of body and mind. Such variety of resources and advantages can hardly be found, in a similar extent, on the globe.

The lesson is plain: *diversify the industry of the people, that this varied wealth may be developed.* This is the great work of to-day, giving scope to capital, labor, and skill, calling out inventive genius and inviting immigration—this is the industrial "reconstruction" of the South, by which will come employment, harmony, comfort, wealth, and the light and power of a growing civilization.

Under the old system, land was held in large tracts, and tilled for a few great staples, with little variety in its products; and those staples were exported to Europe and to the North. Even the raising of grain was neglected, and food imported for the laborers. Manufactures were little thought of, and all efforts given to the raising and export of these staples, robbing the soil of its wealth, with no return for the wholesale spoliation. No wonder the old planting States grew poor and men migrated from worn-out lands to newer regions, to begin again, on virgin soil, the exhaustive process, and thus gain a living for themselves, but hand down a heritage of exhaustion to their children.

This system is of the Past. Lands will be tilled for more varied crops, and a gradual change will substitute farms of moderate size, managed by their working owners and occupants, for the great plantations. Grain will be raised for export as well as home use, and the risk of failure of crops lessened by their variety. Cotton factories, iron mills, and machine shops must be built, mines and coal-beds opened, and forests utilized, giving employ to all, attracting skill and capital, giving home markets for the farmer's produce, saving vast costs of transportation abroad, and paying back to the soil, in fertilizers, the wealth of which it has been robbed.

Cotton and other staples, as well as grain, will be exported, and in increasing quantities, because home manufactures and home markets will bring better farming.

No country, exclusively agricultural, ever grew permanently rich. To take from the earth, and not wear it out, the farmer must give back. Let this be done, and crops increase with the growth of population; neglect this, and WHEN decay shall come to the best land is but a question of time come it will, inevitably.

A distinguished agriculturist said, in 1856: "It would be improper to estimate the annual waste to the country at less than an amount equal to the mineral constituents of 1,500,000,000 bushels of corn." Put the factory beside the farm, and this drain is stopped.

We cannot have the best farming until we have the best manufacturing, in varied forms and materials, each an indispensable help to the growth and perfectness of the other.

Give us both, and the blending of these varied experiences and vocations, the meeting and mingling of these many life-currents, tinged, and shaped by such wide mastery of man over nature's forces and materials, is full of benefit. It is civilization, culture, wealth of soul as well as of pulse. To the farmer it is increase of the product of his acres, economy of exchange, work of hand or brain, for whatever gift of power or character his children may possess, instant and constant call for a variety of labor, and all the while the thrill of inventive genius pulsing through the serene quiet of his life in the fields, saving it from all narrowness or stagnation, that he may the more enjoy nature's beauty and the better make her forces serve him.

Such will be the new era, full of benefit and blessing. Men of the South, are you ready for your noble work? Women of the South, will you give the influence of your womanhood, helping *upward* to a better future? Encourage wisely all efforts to vary industry; for farm and factory being natural allies should be neighbors. Here are waterfalls for a hundred Lowells, coal for a score of Pittsburghs, and iron ample to supply the Continent.

In 1868, the hardy lumbermen of Michigan fitted for market 750,000,000 feet of lumber, and the products of the mines and forests of that State were some $40,000,000. In 1865, the cotton mills of Massachusetts employed 24,000 persons, and turned out $24,000,000 worth of goods. The total product of all their manufactures was $410,000,000, with an increase of $165,000,000 in ten years from 1855. In the same ten years the farm products had grown from $50,000,00 to $100,000,000, showing the benefit to the farm of the factory being a neighbor. This was in an old State, and on thin soil, and with more room and richer resources, it is yours to equal and excel these results.

By returns of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers and Planters, there were eighty-six cotton mills in the Southern States in 1868.

These run 215,000 spindles, and use 41,500,000 pounds of cotton. Surely an encouraging growth but *only a beginning.*

We imported last year $60,000,000 worth of iron and steel. The South can furnish all this, and more, and feed the iron makers amidst her farms. Instead of a few thousand tons now made in Tennessee, her products could be increased tenfold; and Alabama, using her forests, could turn out yearly 100,000 tons of the best charcoal pigs, or could open her coal mines for the work. Shops for tools and cutlery, woollen mills, etc., would follow, and the range of varied products increase, one opening the way for another.

All over the country—North and West—differ as people may on other matters, there is unity of feeling in favor of efforts in the South for industrial development, and a cordial wish that the best results may be gained.

There is ample scope in our broad and growing country, for the skill and capital of the Eastern and Middle States, the swift energy of the West, and the efforts of the South, and *our interest is one,—the growth of a varied industry all over the land.*

The transportation of cotton and other exports, is a great tax of millions annually *paid by the producers*, and supporting railroads, steamers, and ships, with enormous aggregate tonnage. Open mines, and build factories, and the internal traffic helps pay this tax. A domestic industry and an internal commerce, growing with the development of resources, is the great source of wealth and of permanent ability to sustain a healthy foreign trade; want of manufactures, and of diversity of employment, and large importations, with a decrease of home-development, bring debt, paralysis of industry, low prices of our products, and a "crisis" with its sore troubles, such as shook the country in 1857, and at other times when we approached a "free trade" policy. In regard to "free trade" and tariffs, the policy of government is, of course, national not sectional, that is, it applies to all alike. If a judicious tariff builds up manufactures and helps farmers in the North, it will have the same effect in the South. No part of the country, indeed, will be so much benefited thereby. Northern manufactures, longer established, can stand better, while the South needs more aid to build up its future industries.

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On these questions the policy of each nation must be shaped to meet its own needs and condition, and it is arrogance and absurdity for any nation to set up as a model or example to others.

We are Americans, and must have an AMERICAN POLICY, shaped in view of the wages of labor, the need and benefit of a larger home-market for the products of our soil, the fair claims of artisans and laborers in our midst, to do the work America needs, and which they can perform, the rates of interest, and the needed revenues for our government.

Whatever of tariff or tax these demand, let us legislate for, and not be so destitute of common sense as blindly to imitate Great Britain, or any other nation. England had her policy rigidly protective, even to prohibition, and then verging somewhat toward "free trade," just as their commercial wants required. Let us have ours.

Manufactures in the South will build up interior villages, towns, and cities, centres of industry, home-markets, creators and distributors of wealth, and these will add to the commerce of seabord cities and to the life and enjoyment of the people.

AFFAIRS IN TEXAS

The Houston Union, June 25th, says: "On Saturday night last, Mr. Wm. E. Horne, a Republican member of the late State Convention, together with Mr. William Easton, a colored barber, were driven from their homes and business in Richmond, Fort Bend County, on account of their Republican sentiments and opposition to Jack Hamilton. Their lives were threatened and they were compelled to flee to escape assassination. They are now in Bryan, and cannot return to their homes without protection. This protection they are asking of the military commander of the District.

"It is believed by many that the visit of Jack Hamilton to Richmond, a few days before, prepared the Ku-Klux for this demonstration. It is possible that this system of terrorism is designed in order to carry the 'big Injun' into office—true Union men are to be assassinated and the colored men to be intimidated from casting their votes for Gen Davis. Upon this, doubtless, they rely, but we call upon Gen. Reynolds to afford every man that protection which he has been especially delegated to give to every Union man in the State."

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

From Flake's Daily Bulletin, June 25th.

GOLIAD, June 20th, 1869.

I received yours of the 5th of June. * * We have a horrible war going on in our county. Within ten days there have been five murders. First, the Sheriff of our county, A. J. Jacobs; then James Stapp, the son of Gen. Stapp; then a man named Madison Pierce, who married Gen. Stapp's granddaughter; then Christopher Pierce, brother to Madison; then three negroes belonging formerly to the Pierce's; then a Mexican in the edge of Bee County. No one can tell who is to be the next victim.

[The Gen. Stapp above referred to is Gen. Milton Stapp, late Collector Internal Revenue, Galveston, Texas.—*Ed. Flake's Bulletin*].

THE NASBY PAPERS.

MR. NASBY NURSES THE NEW LABOR MOVEMENT AT THE CORNERS—THE RESULT IN AN INDIVIDUAL CASE.

From the Toledo Blade.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDERIT X ROADS, (WICH IS IN THE STAIT UV KENTUCKY), June 9th, 1869.

THE agitashen uv the question uv niggers labrin with white men in Washington, wich reached the Corners four weeks ago, perdoost, ez mite hev ben expected, a most profound feelin. Our white artisans assembled to wunst and passed resolooshens in sympathy with their brethren in Washington, and urgin uv em to hold out to the bitter end rather than compermise their dignity by lowerin themselves to the level uv the greasy Afriken. The meetin wuzn't a large one, for we hev only five mechanics uv the hawty Caucashen race at the Corners, but it wuz enthoosiastic. Three uv the five hed bin at Bascom's for four days, havin bin jist paid off by a new comer for a house they hed repaired for him, and they wuz in a frame uv mind for most anything that wuz eggscitin.

I directed the attenshun uv these men to the fact that a nigger plasterer wuz even at the time employed in plasterin a house on the State road, between the Corners and Garrettstown, and I askt em ef they wuz content to lay still and see an inferior race take the bread out uv their mouths in that way? I emplored em ez a labrin man to preserve the dignity uv labor. Shel niggers invade yoor okepashens?

They wuzn't none uv em plasterers, but they replied "Never! Never!" and demanded with the utmost promptitood to be showd the wretch that they mite go for him. But I restrained em till I hed organised em into a free labor unyun, which perhibited anybody from working at anything wich didn't jine it, and wich perhibitid niggers fron jinin it. This preliminary work accomplished, I remarked, "Follow me!" They did it with alacrity.

On reachin the house we halted, and there our eyes rested onto a site wich blarsted 'em. There wuz a nigger, a full blooded nigger, with a cap onto him, and overalls, plasterin away, whistlin and singin (sometimes one, sometimes another, and then agin both to wunst) Methodist hymns. And ever and anon the unthinkin man of inferiority would stop and execoot a breakdown, and laff to hisself, so that he cood be heard a mile. The disgustin wretch displayed his grovelin nacher by drinkin water out uv a bucket which he hed handy by him.

We made short work uv it. We informed him that the laborers uv the Corners hed organized a yoonun, and that no one cood be permitted to work within its boundaries ceptain members thereof.

"Berry well, remarkt the Afrikin cuss, camly puttin on a dab of mortar and smoothin it, "berry well! I'll jine the yoonun."

"But you can't. No nigger kin be admitted."

"Den I speck I shel hev to go on an work widout bein a member. De ole woman an de babies must hab dar bread yoo know."

Sich insolence cood not uv course be tolerated. We hed stated the case to him calmly and dispassionately. We hed informed him uv the laws we hed made and this wretch deliberately defied us by insistin that he shoold go on with his work! Ther wuz but one course to take and we took it. We snaked the platform out from under him, we tore up his mortar-bed, we broke his trowel and other tools, and notified him offishelly that any attempt at resoomin work wood result in lynchin of him.

That day we found that the nigger hed in trooth quit plasterin, but hed found employment ez a striker in a blacksmith shop. Uv course sich an outrage on the pure Caucashen employed in that shop, wich his name was O'Toole, cood not be permitted, and ez O'Toole refoosed to work with him he wuz discharged. The next day I notist him on the streets rather pale and haggard than otherwise, carryin home a shin-bone uv beef wich he hed bought. The next day afterward I observed that he looked better, and I diskivered that he hed found employment on a turnpike road wich is being built east uv the town. Issaker Gavitt and me—the two champions uv labor for this seckshun (ez we don't work we hev time to attend to it), sejested to the noble Celts employed on the job the hidjusnis uv compellin em to work on an ekality with a nigger and they struck agin it with the yoosual result. The nigger wuz discharged. He made but one or two more efforts. He tried

to git work at various places, but by this time it wuz well enuff known that the citizens uv the Corners wuz inflexibly opposed to recognisin uv em in any capassity, and he yeelded. He got very thin, and pale and haggard, and his large family likewise. It wuz evident that they wuzn't feedin very well at home. Notis the natural result of freedom! He abslootly begged! but uv course the Corners would give nothing to a nigger. Then the instinktiv nateral cussidness uv the nigger, the infernal depravity which is inherent into all uv em, began to display itself.

He demoralized rapidly, and in a week became a most disgustin objick. He stole chickens uv Deekin Pogram, leastways Deekin Program's chickens wuz missin, an who should hev stole em but this nigger—he stole corn uv Elder Pennebacker, and wuz finally detected takin a ham from Bascom's smoke house. There wuz no doubt ez to his guilt—he wuz taken in the act with the fatal ham in his possession. He hed taken it home and his wife wuz fryin large slices uv it.

There could be but one endin to such a succession uv crimes. The citizens were too much incensed to await the uncertain ackshen uv the law and they hung him at site. The Corners will never tolerate a nigger theef in their midst, no how.

Uv coarse I improved the occashen. Ez his body was a swingin in the air I askt our people to behold the frutes of Radicalism and Fanatycism. That niggur wus onct the happy slave of a happy owner; there wuz atween em a natral relashen. The nigger workt and his owner ete, and thus wuz fulfilled the entire dooties uv life. He wuz not hung then, for he wuz worth too much money to hang. How had it bin with him sence? He demandid to be maid a free man; he wus maid a free man, and hear he iz. I told em that their waz no necle ov sayin more; the boddy a danglin in the air, with its sole a marchin on; wuz the most elekent surmon which cood be preecht.

The man whose house the nigger was a plastrin was in town yesturday, tryin to get Kaucashin plasterers to finish the job, but ez thar ain't none ov em hear he isunt succeedin very well. He probably won't git into his new quarters this fawl.

I am not certain wat become uv his family. There wuz a nigger woman's body pulled out uv the dam a day or two afterward wich somebody remarked wuz the wife of the deceast, and Capt. McPelter remarkt that when he went to the cabin uv the deceest nigger to secoor his share uv the furnitoor, that two leadin niggers from Garrettstown were notist making off with the children. But there's no tellin whether there's any trooth in these rumors or not. I think I shel go to Washington and put myself at the head uv the anti-nigger labor movement now being inogurated there.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich means Post Master.)

MURDERS IN GEORGIA.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The Christian Index—a Baptist paper, issued at Atlanta, Georgia—has a long and able leader on "Political Assassination," which, while it is mainly a denial of the charges on which its compatriots are arraigned at the North, manages to give the "Conservatives" some wholesome and timely counsel. Coming at last to the main point, it says:

"But we must say a word or two, in relation to the alleged *impunity* of the political assassinations charged against our people. Of course, whatever shows the likelihood that the great bulk of such reports rests on no foundation of fact, helps to shear this aspect of the question of the huge proportions with which our enemies would invest it. The cases with any air of probability about them become too few to justify the supposition that the escape of the offenders from punishment betrays a general hostility on the part of our people toward 'loyal' politicians. Too often, alas, in all sections, the shedding of blood goes 'unwhipt of justice.' We remember to have seen recently, in that excellent monthly, *The Galaxy*, the statistics of murder in the city of New York for a series of years—from which it appeared that in one-fourth of the instances the perpetrators of the crime were never even discovered. In many other instances, doubtless, they were shielded from punishment, by flight, by technicalities of law, by false witnesses, etc. Now, if such things may be in New York, notwithstanding the thorough organization of its police under 'King Kennedy,' and its freedom from the revolutions which have, at times, suspended or largely paralyzed the functions of the civil authorities at the South—is it matter of surprise that they should happen among the scattered population and amid the convulsions of our State, in the very few cases of assassination which may be presumptively attributed more or less directly to political causes?"

To bring the discussion to a point, we will consider the case of George W. Ashburn. He was a native Southerner and an active Republican—in the language of *The Index's* friends, a "scallawag." He was a delegate to the Convention which framed the present Constitution of Georgia. Ostracised for his politics by the Whites, he was living with a colored family in Columbus, when a band of thirty or forty persons broke into the house one night, rushed into his bed-room, and shot him instantly dead.

Now, this was *not* a case where "the perpetrators of the crime were not even discovered. They were the young Chivalry of Columbus. Gen. Meade instituted an investigation, by which they were thoroughly exposed to the public gaze. We venture to say that they are better known to the people of Muscogee County than the Aldermen of this city are to the men whose votes elected them.

The State having been reconstructed, after a fashion, Gen. Meade's power was held to have lapsed; so his proceedings were stopped and his prisoners discharged. The Blacks being expelled from the Legislature and declared ineligible to office, the State reverted substantially into the hands of the late rebels. What do you think they did with the late murderers of Ashburn? Who does not know that they did nothing, and *would* do nothing?

Now if one single "Conservative" Georgia journal has heartily condemned the murder of Ashburn and called for the conviction and punishment of the perpetrators, we do not know it. They have devoted themselves to blackening the name of the victim and screening his assassins from public indignation. And this is why we consider the death of Ashburn a "Conservative" murder.

THE CENSUS AND THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

WASHINGTON, June 21st, 1869.

THE Census Committee, which has just adjourned its session, had under consideration for several days the bearing of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, especially the second section thereof, upon the census. That section reads as follows: "Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; but when the right to vote at any election for the choice of Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the Executive and Judicial officers of a State, and the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis or representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the numbers of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State."

The Committee, after careful examination, have concluded that in taking the census of 1870 it will be necessary, in view of the above provisions, to take an accurate enumeration of all male citizens of the United States, twenty-one years of age and upward, who are denied by their respective States the right to vote, to the end that a constitutional basis may be obtained upon which to apportion the Representatives in Congress among the several States.

The Committee is of opinion that the section of the Fourteenth Amendment above quoted will affect the apportionment in all the States where, for any cause, the right of male citizens to vote is in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crimes, and reduce the representation in all such States. Thus it will be seen that if this interpretation of the Committee is correct it will affect Rhode Island, where foreigners are not allowed to vote without a property qualification; Massachusetts, which requires an educational qualification; and Pennsylvania, Maryland and other States where the ballot is withheld from the negro. The representation will be lessened in the North, East and West, but it will not be affected in the South, as all those who are excluded from the ballot box for participation in the rebellion will be counted in making up the basis of representation.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1869.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

EDUCATION.

THIS seems to be the era of Constitutional Amendments. Beside the Fifteenth and Sixteenth,—both of which are beyond measure important,—there is another needed to guard and complete the effect and influence of those two. We do not refer to land,—a homestead—but to a Common School system in each State.

We are opposed to any conditional suffrage—suffrage secures education. We would, by no means have book learning made a test of voting. But still it is indispensable that universal suffrage should rest on universal education. The mass that votes must be accessible to argument. Voters must be men whom the press can appeal to. The Rebellion grew out of the fact that an ignorant mass, like the Southern whites, could be made to believe any monstrous lie about the North. They rebelled against a chimera of their own fancy. One-half of them, if moderately educated, and brought within reach of the Northern press, would have seen that their interests allied them to the Northern side. One great ground of our hope for the future is that, unlike other rebellions, this rested neither on a grievance, nor on a true faith, but on a delusion and a dream. The first gleam of real daylight will turn many Southern whites into our friends.

But never again ought the Nation to permit one State to peril National peace, or mar national action by breeding up within its borders a mass of ignorant voters. The selfishness of a landed aristocracy may attempt this. But now is the time to claim that in such a case the Nation has a right to intervene. Texas will have the same right to say, yes or no, on a question of peace or war that Massachusetts has. Her "Yes" may carry bankruptcy through New England. It may nevertheless be right for her to say "*Yes.*" Still before she says it, Massachusetts has a right to lay her view of the question before the voters of Texas. Hence she has the right to demand that Texas shall see that those voters are accessible to the press—can read. Practically this is the only way in which one section of the Nation can reach another. This is matter therefore of true national concern. Now all things which concern the grand, national interests, should be regulated in the National Constitution. Hence this rule so vital to a true universal suffrage, so indispensable to secure equality for all sections, should be incorporated in the fundamental law. In times gone by had Alabama spoken Greek, while Ohio talked English, the two States would not have been more separated than they were by the ignorance which was parent of prejudice at the South.

In future Industry will dot those wilds with cities and cobweb them with railways. Commerce will shoot telegraphs through and through them, and this century will open them up to its full light. Without our interference, by simple laws of selfishness, this will come in centuries. Government, Statesmanship, means the use of our rightful powers to effect this change in one generation. A law which shall oblige each State to maintain a real, efficient, impartial, school system will do this. If she omits to establish and maintain one, then authorize the Nation to do it and tax the State specially for its support.

Land now rules the South. In Georgia many a school finds it impossible to find a spot on which to stand. The obstinate spite of the rebel still dreams that by monopoly of the land he can drive out ideas, exile the Northerner, and crush the Negro back into serfdom. THE NEGRO MUST HAVE A HOME. HE MUST HAVE A SCHOOL. HE MUST HAVE OFFICE. AND UNTIL, USED TO THESE, HE IS FULLY ABLE TO PROTECT HIMSELF HE MUST BE PROTECTED BY NATIONAL MUSKETS. We shall resume this topic in another article. Unless some heed is given to it, Georgia is not only lost soon to the Republican party, (as our intelligent correspondent shows Louisiana will be) but Georgia and Louisiana will become hot-beds to nourish secession; bases, round which to rally active hostility to the Union.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE FOURTH.

THE anniversary of the Fourth of July,—celebrated mainly this year the fifth,—serves to remind us, in the present stage of our political progress, of the hollowness and hypocrisy of the old-time glorifications of the Union and Liberty, while bolstering up the odious, legalized system of chattel slavery. It also reminds us, notwithstanding the many gratifying changes in the last few years, how far we yet are from the practical realization of the great, fundamental, self-evident truths so well enunciated in the revolutionary period, concerning human freedom and equality.

Chattelism has been abolished, but hundreds of thousands of colored men in the Northern and Border States are yet disfranchised for no cause but their color. Like the Tammany Society of the Sham-Democracy of this city, the American nation, till the pending Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment shall have been ratified, will practically interpret the great Declaration to mean "All white men" are born free and equal. Negroes are not yet regarded as "men" in New York, with its invidious property qualification, in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, or Ohio. Peace Jubilees and any special national laudations on the Fourth of July are still premature.

Just now it is a topic of anxious debate in our public journals and on political platforms whether this "land of the free and asylum for the oppressed of all nations" shall permit the Chinese to come here at all, or coming here whether they shall be regarded as having inalienable human rights. Subjected to disgraceful and unjust disabilities by California, each new arrival of Chinese emigrants at San Francisco is the signal for the exhibition of most shameful brutality on the part of the officials and the lawless populace of the Pacific city.

Hon. Eugene Casserly, a Democratic U. S. Senator, in a recent speech at San Francisco, takes occasion to say:

"It is the duty of every class of men to unite to prevent the introduction of the Chinese. If they come in contact only with the common laborers to-day, to-morrow they will be in competition with the mason, the bricklayer, the carpenter, and the machinist, for they are *the most frugal, industrious and ingenious people on the face of the earth.* Look at the splendid granite building occupied by Wells, Fargo & Co., the stone of which was cut in China, and was built by Chinamen. Men who can do such work for less than half the price paid white mechanics were an injury to the State, and he would unite with any party that would use energetic means to keep them out of the country. There was only one party that could be depended upon for that purpose, and that was the true old Democracy."

The lesson of the Declaration of Independence is that *all men*,—not all Americans, or all white men,—have certain inalienable rights. The lesson of modern Sham-Democracy is, as expounded by the California Senator, that white men, and white mechanics are a privileged class, with the prerogative of abridging the rights of other classes whose presence in the country, for personal and selfish reasons, they may not desire. The Chinese are already here to the number of at least one hundred thousand, and are likely soon to come in greatly increased numbers. If the theory of the Declaration of Independence is good for anything it will apply as well to the Chinese as to others. Every ocean cable laid, and every great line of railroad completed, hastens the day when one language shall for all ordinary purposes be employed, and when the distinctions of class and nationality under one governmental rule shall disappear. It is the mission of the people of this country, if it be rightly fulfilled, to lift up the people of all other countries who come here to the level of an equal, intelligent citizenship.

Most imperfectly learned is the lesson of the Fourth of July while one half the people, because they are women, are politically proscribed. Ere another anniversary is commemorated the Sixteenth Constitutional Amendment, already proposed by the Hon. GEORGE W. JULIAN, ought to be adopted by Congress and ratified by the States. Such auspicious action is possible, and will become probable so soon as women themselves will awaken to its importance and unitedly and earnestly call for it. In the affairs of State, as in the home, and in other departments of labor, men and women should work together, neither subordinated to the other. When the distinctions founded upon race, nationality, and sex shall have been abolished, and under one popular government, with a good school system and a free press for a corner stone, all shall dwell together secure upon the basis of a guaranteed legal equality, then the Fourth of July may be fitly commemorated amid the joys of the full fruition of the great truths it symbolizes.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE on Thursday last ratified the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment.

The majority of Columbia Typographical Union No. 101, have issued an appeal to President George, of the National Typographical Union, demanding that the charter of their Union be not revoked at the demand of the minority, who are opposed to the admission of Douglass, the colored printer. A wholesome agitation on the subject continues, and Mr. Douglass is likely to come off victorious.

The Washington Medical Society we are very glad to learn is likely to be "reconstructed" on the reassembling of Congress next December. The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"It is announced that when Congress meets in December, a bill will be at once introduced repealing the charter of the present Medical Society of the District, and incorporating a new one, of which Drs. Purvis and Augusta, the colored physicians recently rejected by the present Society, will be among the corporators."

The Virginia election, it is claimed to-day (Wednesday) by *The Tribune*, and other "conservative" journals, resulted yesterday in a "conservative" victory. We shall not be greatly surprised, however, if it prove that Walker, the "conservative" candidate, is chosen governor. With many of the colored men of Virginia landless, and dependent upon their daily labor, for bread for themselves and their families, there is little actual political freedom. The election telegrams of to-day mention that the number of votes cast by colored men is not nearly as large as the number of colored voters registered.

The Tribune in announcing the "conservative" victory in Virginia yesterday, says:

"Our readers are not unprepared to hear that the Walker, or, as it prefers to style itself, the Conservative Republican party, triumphed in the election of the State ticket."

Of course the readers of *The Tribune* ought not to be "unprepared" to hear of the triumph of the "Conservative Republican party" of Virginia. Probably no journal in the country has done as much as *The Tribune* to contribute to such a result.

Senator Wade, in a recent interview in California, expressed the opinion that other States in the Union, as soon as they understand the character of this intelligent, patient and industrious race (the Chinese), would expend millions of dollars in obtaining them. He expressed the remark that before ten years would pass the people of California would be framing laws to prevent the deportation of the Chinese with far more zeal than they now sought to prevent them coming here.

We invite attention to the speech which we print elsewhere, made by one of the Chinese merchants of San Francisco, on the occasion of the recent visit to that city by Senators Wade, Conkling and others.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will occupy the desk of the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass., next Sunday forenoon, the 11th inst.

A Boston telegram of July 6th says: "An effort is being made here to have reproduced in marble Miss Lewis's colossal bust of Henry W. Longfellow, in Rome.

Robert Toombs, instead of calling the roll of his slaves at the base of Bunker Hill Monument, as he boasted he would do, now contents himself with receiving his mail inclosures from the hands of a colored postmaster at Macon, Ga.

Rev. Robert Collyer lectured on the "Inside Track" at Chicago on Monday evening. The heads of his discourse were: 1. How to get a good start. 2. How to get a good wife. 3. How to get a good home. 4. When to begin. 5. What to do when you get them.

A Washington telegram of July 2d, says:

"President Grant, in an interview to-day with Representatives Clift and Edwards, Dr. Culver and other Georgians, remarked that having appointed postmasters for Augusta and Macon, he was not disposed to change them, unless the incumbents should prove incompetent."

Hon. B. F. Wade telegraphed the other day from San Francisco to the Secretary of the Interior, saying he had been over the whole line of the Pacific Railroad, mostly by daylight, and finds it to be as good as any new road ever built in this country, and he is satisfied that the companies mean to carry out their obligations in good faith.

Garribaldi has written to a friend the following note pertaining to slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico:

DEAR MR. COOPER:—"God made liberty, man made slavery."—*Chevrier.* Yes, slavery is the shame of humanity, and free Spain ought, by emancipation, to clear her escutcheon from such a degrading stain.

Yours, G. GARIBALDI.

CAPRERA, June 2d.

A Harrisburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, writing of the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association, to be held at Greensburg, August 10, says:

"Swithin Shortledge, of Kennett Square, will meet the question, "Shall common sense clear away legal cobwebs?" which, it is expected, will discuss the question of the election of female county school superintendents, now agitating the directors and the people of Chester County."

Rev. John Weiss, of Watertown, Mass., preached the annual sermon to the graduating class of the Cambridge Divinity School on Sunday evening. The discourse was without text, introduction or formal close, and full of quaint conceits. It assumed that clergymen had failed to make a hold upon men from refusing to accept the teachings of nature and science, and assured the young men that the world was waiting for earnest men who should meet their wants in this period of great mental disturbance.

The Rev. William Sharman of the Unitarian Church at Washington announced his resignation on the 4th inst. Mr. Sharman preached a powerful sermon on Sunday, on "The Lessons of the Day." His resignation has been chiefly caused by the opposition which he has met from the old Pro-Slavery element in his Society, who, because of his earnest radicalism, have in many ways annoyed him and hindered his usefulness. This is the same Church that Moncure D. Conway and Dr. W. H. Channing preached in, and from the charge of which they retired because of the same influences that have affected Mr. Sharman's action.

A Binghampton correspondent writing to *The Elmira Advertiser* of Miss Maud Molson, a young and talented colored woman who has recently entered the lecturing field, says:

"I venture to ask a small space in your columns, to say a word of Maud D. Molson, the talented young lady who spoke so eloquently at the recent Colored Men's Convention, at the Academy of Music in this city. Her address excited the admiration and surprise of many of our first citizens, by the masterly manner in which she handled her subject, 'Manhood Suffrage,' and stamped her as an orator of great power and eloquence. Miss Molson was born in Williamsport, Pa., in 1846, and is consequently twenty-three years of age. She was educated at the Alfred Seminary, graduating with the highest honors. She has but recently, and then only at the earnest request of her friends, entered the lecturing field, hoping, through her efforts, to aid in elevating her long down-trodden race. She is an ardent champion of Manhood or Impartial Suffrage, and although she may not accomplish all that her ardent hopes desire, we feel assured that many of our prejudiced fellow-citizens will be compelled to succumb to her graceful arguments. In person, she is of the medium height, and of pleasing countenance. As an elocutionist, we have rarely heard her equal. In all her public addresses she appeals to reason rather than the prejudices of her audiences."

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The list of States which have ratified the Amendment, we believe, is as follows:

MISSOURI,	March 1, 1869.	(Defective).*
KANSAS,	February 27th,	†
NORTH CAROLINA,	March 5, 1869.	
WEST VIRGINIA,	" 3,	"
MASSACHUSETTS,	" 9-12	"
WISCONSIN,	" 9,	"
MAINE,	" 12,	"
LOUISIANA,	" 5,	"
MICHIGAN,	" 8,	"
SOUTH CAROLINA,	" 16,	"
PENNSYLVANIA,	" 26,	"
NEW YORK,	April 14,	"
ALABAMA,		
ILLINOIS,		
MINNESOTA,		
IOWA,		
NEBRASKA,		
ARKANSAS,		
NEVADA,		
CONNECTICUT,		
INDIANA,		
FLORIDA,		
RHODE ISLAND—SENATE.		
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		

The Amendment has been rejected by

DELAWARE.

Georgia, not competent, until "reconstructed" again, to either ratify or to reject the Amendment, has gone through the form of rejecting it.

*Missouri failed to act upon the second section.

—†Kansas the second section was imperfect when ratified.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, July 4th, 1869.

THIS old powder-smoked anniversary comes this year on Sunday, and will have its noisy celebration in some places the day before, and in others the day after; though we hear that in some Western towns, where the holiday-honoring Germans predominate, no such displacement is thought necessary. Boston will celebrate to-morrow, Monday; but she uncovered her new equestrian statue of Washington last evening, that the hero might look around him on the real anniversary, and see the prosperity of the land whose independence he helped to secure.

Judging by the first view, this bronze statue of Washington is a highly successful work; an honor to the artist, Thomas Ball, and an ornament to the city, which has been unfortunate in so many of her public works of art.

The horse, a spirited and noble animal, is represented as advancing. The figure of Washington is easy and dignified. His drawn sword rests across the bridle hand. His face, grave and earnest, looks forward. The attitude and expression are well conceived, and worthy of the subject. The hero might be supposed just moving to take command of the army of the Revolution. A large oval pedestal of granite supports the bronze figure, the summit of which reaches a height of nearly thirty feet. As the face, at that height, is not seen to the best advantage by near beholders, there may be a question about the likeness to the well-known features of Washington; and some who view it from below may at first think the man disproportioned to the horse. But viewed from a little distance, as it should be, the proportions seem correct, and the effect is grand. Mr. Ball has heretofore made fine busts and statuettes, and the complete success of this greater work assures him high rank as a sculptor.

Our law forbidding the sale of intoxicating drinks came in force on the 1st of July, and on that day measures were begun for its exact and literal enforcement. The great hotels have changed their policy since year before last, and promptly yielded to the order of the Chief Constable, closing their bars, and notifying their customers of the new arrangement. Perhaps this results from the fact that imprisonment, as well as fine and confiscation of contraband articles, is now the penalty of disobedience; perhaps, also, the liquor-dealers suppose that rigid enforcement of such a law will best stimulate a thirsty community to the exertions needful for its overthrow. In the meantime, Major Jones is proceeding to seize the stores and arrest the persons of the contumacious smaller dealers, and there seems likely now to be a fair trial of *enforcement* of the "Maine law;" a thing we have never yet had in Boston.

I told you, I think, of a stormy and somewhat revolutionary meeting held during anniversary week by a Boston institution which calls itself "The American Tract Society," and which tries very hard to be received by the Orthodox community on that footing. The intrigues of its present management, too long and complicated for explanation here, have not only caused the return of many members and much money to the National Tract Society in New York, but seem now to have aroused a disposition to put the executive authority of the Boston Society into new hands. A meeting was called at the Tract House in Tremont street last week, ostensibly only for the choice of a Treasurer, the late incumbent having resigned, from dissatisfaction at the proceedings of the management. It was evident that the Executive Committee wished to have the meeting a short one, and the business hastily disposed of, from the fact that no place was provided for the assemblage of a Society containing hundreds of members except the space between the desks and counters of the tract store, in business hours. As those who attended the meeting were crowded very uncomfortably together in a standing posture, it was probably thought that the Committee's proposed bait, the offer of a new treasurer *to serve without salary*, would pass with slight examination.

It however proved otherwise. Either the proceedings of the previous meeting, or the movements of the Executive Committee for a year or two past, had produced a decided feeling of distrust in regard to the principles as well as the policy of that Committee, as I found by the comments in various quarters around me. The arrangement in regard to the proposed new Treasurer was so peculiar, that an immediate demand was made for the reading of the record of the last meeting of the Executive Committee.

The Secretary was not present. He was out of town.

Well, let his book be produced, and let some one read the record.

The book was produced, but no record of the last meeting was found in it.

The protestants stuck to their point. Where were the Secretary's notes of that meeting?

At last the voluminous notes were found, and some one began to read them. After reading the matter relating to the Treasurer he asked—"Is it necessary to read the whole?"

"Yes, yes, yes," was the reply, and the whole was read; and the result of that reading was threefold:

First, a Treasurer, other than the one recommended by the management, was immediately chosen.

Next, a Committee of Investigation was appointed, with directions to report at an adjourned meeting, in a place better suited to prolonged debate, about the middle of this month.

Third, the Executive Committee were imperatively directed to proceed no further with the arrangements upon which they had entered, until the report of this Special Committee had been heard.

All these things were voted by a large and considerably excited majority, after two hours debate, and it is safe to predict that the next meeting, in the Old South Chapel in Freeman Place, on Tuesday, July 13th, at 2 P. M. will be well attended, and of interesting character.

I was unfortunately prevented from attending another meeting, of the most attractive kind, which took place Thursday afternoon and evening, the gathering annually held to welcome the returning teachers of the Freedmen's Union Commission. I hear from some who attended it that it was, as heretofore, a very delightful meeting, and I send for your use, if desired, such details of it as were reported in the *Daily Advertiser*.

From Mr. Charles Stearns, lately returned from Georgia, I hear very sad accounts of the condition of the freed people there. Their poverty, their ignorance, and the degree of their continued subjection to the whites, are not only greater than are generally supposed, but almost beyond imagination. Throughout most of that State even the whites have no schools, and public sentiment would strongly oppose the formation of any for black people, children or adults. The negroes, dare not vote a Republican ticket, and have no redress when the white people diminish or refuse the wages of their labor. Mr. Stearns is occupied this summer in seeking the establishment of an organization for the purchase of lands in Georgia, which *bona fide* settlers or natives may occupy and pay for by instalments. It is through the efforts of such earnest, devoted laborers as he that the redemption of the South must come.

You have heard, I am sure, of the "Laurel Party" annually given by Mr. and Mrs. Ashby of Newburyport. The last one, in both senses, was held last week, the new proprietor of the grounds having forbidden the further assemblage of Pic-nic-ians there. Mr. Ashby, a staunch old abolitionist, of English birth, is vigorous enough, at the age of 82, to enjoy this occasion still; and last Wednesday's festival was enjoyed by a numerous company of invited guests, including some distinguished and honored names, until, unfortunately, the weather interfered with their arrangements. Shortly after dinner the rain descended, and soon after that the floods came; and as it continued to pour harder and harder, the company stood not upon the order of their going, but fled, in double-quick time, to the barges that had brought them three miles up the river. Let us hope that, after getting home, they all escaped with nothing worse than a drenching.

5th.—The unprecedented arrangement for a young lady to read the Declaration of Independence at the city celebration in the Music Hall led my unwonted steps to that gathering this morning. I am happy to say that Miss Emily Judson Harris fulfilled the favorable expectations of her friends on that occasion. In spite of an obstructive lisp, she read the historic document with clear articulation, distinctly heard through the whole great hall, and with intelligent emphasis; and her performance received prolonged applause from the crowded audience.

It is not creditable to our city government that they chose a notorious sympathizer with slavery and the rebellion to write an ode for this occasion, nor that they accepted, and allowed to be sung, a declaration so false as that

—"our country shall be,
As it was, and forever, the land of the free."

This, however, was sung. But the antidote immediately followed this particular bane, the Orator of the day pointing out the permission of slavery as the great error of our revolutionary fathers.

The oration, however, was mainly of the spread-eagle sort, containing much glorification of our distinguished Uncle Samuel, and of the A. No. 1 State and city whose representatives the speaker had the honor of addressing. He bestowed zealous but undiscriminating eulogy on Washington, puffed President Grant and the city government of Boston, and found only auspicious omens in the present condition of the South. His aspect towards reform may be judged by his comments on the action of our lately adjourned legislature, which he censured for its opposition to the free use of intoxicating drinks, and praised for its refusal of the right of suffrage to women.

NORTH.

THE COLORED RACE AT THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, July 3d, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I FORESHADOWED the course of the Hon. A. M. Clapp as Congressional printer, in the issue raised in the case young Douglass, as one of firmness and manliness, and you will have observed in the course of those in his employ, unmistakable evidence that I did not mistake my man. Had he shown signs of a disposition to lower the high standard of Right, or to falter in the march of Duty, instead of finding the two hundred and seventy members of the Printers' "Union," here standing boldly in solid phalanx for Truth and Right, as they now do, we should have seen evidence probably, of softened spines, and weakened knees, painful to observe. The address of the majority of the Society, a copy of which I send you, will explain to you the attitude they have assumed and their reasons for it. This document is written in clear and courageous language, and cannot fail to attract attention wherever circulated. I ask for it the benefit of THE STANDARD's circulation, in the belief that you cannot use the necessary space to better account, bearing directly as it does upon the leading issue of the day, and showing how that issue stands in this political experimental garden.

The following article from the editorial columns of the *National Republican* so forcibly presents the latest advance step taken towards the complete enfranchisement of the colored men of the District in such a clear light and is so refreshingly unreserved in its tone, that I beg leave to embody it here in lieu of what I would not be likely to say so well, were I to attempt myself its theme:

"COLORED MEN IN THE JURY-BOX."

"In our court report of yesterday, published in another column, will be found the charge of Judge Fisher to the grand jury, among whom, for the first time in the history of the District, are numbered colored citizens—citizens at last in the fullest meaning of the title. It will be read with interest by every friend of humanity.

"The recognition of colored men as jurors effaces the last vestige of the slave oligarchy that once cursed this District. It is the crowning event of that glorious emancipation which began at the capital and radiated throughout the length and breadth of the nation.

"Unjust discrimination is blotted out forever, as far as the rights of the colored man are concerned, in our midst. He is free, not only in the sense of individual liberty, but his manhood is recognized in the halls of justice. The elective franchise has conferred upon him the right to vote for law-makers. Before it was done the colored man was held responsible for acts as though his voice had given sanction to the laws enacted for the good of the community in which he lived. The statute-book had no clause for him that was not equally applicable to the most intelligent citizen. One by one the distinguishing lines have been erased, and now he is deemed worthy to participate in all the privileges of an American freeman.

"As jurors, it will be asked, can we expect the white and colored men, chosen to determine the cause of those arraigned in our courts, to agree? Can any one say those subjects to be chosen are not as fully qualified as the class of men who have heretofore sat in our jury-box? Or is the gift of good judgment possessed by only a few, and that number confined to the Anglo-Saxon race? Whatever may be the opinion of those opposed to the elevation of the colored race, justice demands that, under a republican form of government, no class of men shall presume to dictate who are competent and who are not to exercise a right which the law alone can confer, or to discharge a duty the sanctity of which, by the oath administered, is recognized in judgment between the creature and his Creator.

"We are certain the majesty of the law will be vindicated quite as well by conscientious men, whether black or white, when chosen from among the people, as it has been in times past by those who made it a business to act as professional jurors, and who were ready upon every occasion to truly try and determine the case according to the law and evidence.

"Peace is the glory of justice, and while colored men are forever declared free and equal, let us all unite in according to our neighbor the same privileges we demand for ourselves."

I had the pleasure, yesterday, of seeing the first participants in this newly conceded right. The white men associated with them, did not seem to be annoyed by any such "peculiar odor" as we used to hear so much about in the days of non-voting chatteldom—said "odor" having vanished with strange suddenness since the negro took up the disinfecting and sweet-scented ballot. It is true, it goes a little hard with such attorneys as my personal friend, John E. Norris, Esq., for instance to say, "*Gentlemen of the Jury*" to "niggers," but he cannot afford to imitate the role of Bradley, the expelled attorney, in view of his really large and profitable practice, and he will doubtless soon school himself to the severe trial of his "phelinks" on the subject, as did the Secesh lawyers at Richmond, when Judge Underwood so bravely initiated the recognition of black men as jurors, at the time of the arraignment of Jeff. Davis. It was in his court that I first saw black men in the jury-box, when on a visit to that city more than a year ago, and I had no little difficulty in refraining from an audible laugh (I did smile in the face of the judges—the Chief Justice also being on the bench at the time) as some of the haughtiest of the ex-slaveholders themselves, were compelled to address even their former slaves as "gentlemen," instead of "boys" as even their equals in years used to be addressed by them on the "old plantation," in the "olden time." But there was one circumstance of the trial in hand, which was too serious for laughter. It was the trial of several of those same "masters," as "whiskey thieves." I allude to the trial of the nephews of the late John Minor Botts for that mean crime. I say "mean crime," with emphasis, because surely it is mean enough to be concerned in the *honest* manufacture of the vile stuff, if there be such a thing in this day of light and knowledge. But think of a "whiskey thief!"

I cannot close this letter without bearing testimony to the great usefulness of a former disfranchised New Yorker in the Christian ministry here. I allude to the Rev. J. Sella Martin formerly of Shiloh Church, New York, now pastor of the Fifteenth street Presbyterian Church of this city. He is doing an excellent work among his people, and has collected a congregation of which any minister might be proud. This young ex-slave (he was formerly a slave in North Carolina) is really a very eloquent man. Nor does he confine himself to the sphere of his congregations, but speaks frequently to more popular assemblages. One of the ablest and at the same time best arranged and most effectively delivered addresses I have ever listened to, was made by Mr. Martin before the "Young Men's Progressive Republican Club of Georgetown recently. In following him Dr. Snodgrass paid a noticeable compliment to him and indeed his whole race by saying that he shrank from the task of following such a speaker, "nigger orator" though the haters of his race would sneeringly class him!

ONWARD.

WHAT GEORGIA NEEDS.

BOSTON, July 3d, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Dear Sir:—Allow me to express my satisfaction, on perusing the article in to-day's STANDARD, by Mr. Phillips, on the proper method of reconstructing Georgia. Being a resident of that "wayward" State, I may be considered a competent witness in the case. I unhesitatingly assert, that if the methods alluded to by this clear-sighted writer should be speedily adopted, we should hear of no more murders, like that of Mr. Adkins. I know what I am stating when I say that leniency toward the Southern rebels is as sadly out of place, as was the soldier's plan to get rid of a rattlesnake, caught by the boys in one of their tents during the war. After the plans of his comrades had been discussed, this oracle declared that the best way to do was, to "swear him and let him go." Now a released rattlesnake is no more sure to do harm, than a pardoned rebel is certain to fail to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance."

While I would not harm the smallest hair of a rebel head, I would yet prevent him, if possible, from disturbing in the least the negro. Henry Ward Beecher, when stung by a wasp, proposed imitating Uncle Toby, and opening the window exclaimed, "go poor devil, the world is wide enough for you and me," forgetting that the pardoned wasp might sting other innocent persons beside himself.

I am amazed at this constant twaddle about magnanimity towards the rebels. Why not apply the same language to all other offenders? If a crazy person assails me, does it show a want of magnanimity on my part to secure him, and thus prevent him from committing further violence? Or should I imitate the venerable Horace, and cry "universal forgiveness," and let the poor fellow go? We propose keeping tigers chained, that is all. We do not counsel their starvation, or brutal treatment in any way. On the contrary, we say be kind to the former rebel; and be so kind to him, as to prevent him from the further exercise of his ungovernable passions. Do I wrong my child when I put him in a "straight jacket," and thus prevent him from doing harm to any one, including himself?

These advocates of magnanimity are the greatest enemies the rebel has. They would say to him, go on madman and do your worst, we will not prevent you! Not so his true friends. I love and pity the Southern rebels, I long for their perfection, and so longing, must approve of the thorough-going measures advocated by Mr. Phillips, in lieu of the "do nothing and let alone policy," advocated by others. What can we do? say some. I answer let the next Congress give us that military protection we have so long asked for, in the shape of either the "Edmunds," or the "Butler bill." Give the Governor of our State control of the military, and I will warrant that "law and order" will speedily prevail in Georgia. On the contrary let Georgia alone, and murders after murders will be committed, casting their lurid rays over the whole horizon of our State, until the sky is covered with blood, and men, women and children will flee from the fiery sight, as the denizens of Naples flee from the red lava of Vesuvius.

In another communication, if agreeable to you, sir, I should like to lay before your readers, our Southern plan for rescuing the poor imbruted black from the partial slavery yet holding him in its terrific grasp; and although not nominally considered as such, yet in reality possessing many of the essential attributes of slavery. If I understand the genius of the Anti-Slavery movement, it contemplates giving the former slave, freedom in deed as well as in name, by placing him where he can say that his soul is his own, and "can sit under his own vine and fig tree with none to molest or make him afraid."

Yours truly, C. STEARNS.

FROM LOUISIANA.

ONE of our wisest and most intelligent friends, writing from Louisiana, says:

"This State (La.) has practically gone over into the hands of the enemy. The white republicans in betraying the negro have also ruined themselves. If Warmouth could be impeached and removed, and his place given to Dunn, and a State militia organized and put into active service in the field, garrisoning the towns and patrolling the country, the negro could vote, and would be master of the situation. But he has now lost confidence in his white leaders, and is discouraged and intimidated. The white rebels mean still to have the negro's labor without paying for it, and still to use negro women without liability of either prosecution or marriage, and to these ends intend that the acts of Congress shall be a nullity. Without a positive change in the State government before another election, and this is unlikely if not impossible, the rebels will sweep everything before them. The day of Republican rule in Louisiana is nearly over, and I apprehend the fact is the same in every other Southern State except Arkansas and possibly North Carolina.

The federal appointments here are generally bad beyond any element of alleviation.

The District Attorney is a virulent Democrat, as well as a scoundrel generally. Hoar wouldn't remove him because he said Mr. Morgan knew better about certain important cases than a new man would, and he thought it for the interest of the government to retain him. The fact is that in all these cases, the government has under Morgan's management been plundered. There is a corrupt ring here to which all the old and many of the new officials belong, and they steal without conscience or limitation. Morgan is one of them.

Casey, the Collector, is a very clever fellow personally, but he is totally unfit for his duties, is in the Perry Fuller ring, and worse than all gives the patronage of his office to the enemy. To get office under Casey a man must either be a Democrat or else a treacherous Republican. Nobody else gets appointed. Lowell the Postmaster, Packard the Marshall and Onig the Appraiser are fair men and good Republicans. The rest are a bad lot. Durell, U. S. District Judge, is, however, square on the political issue, and usually does his duty fully and boldly."

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS AND PROMINENT CHINESE MERCHANTS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

IN San Francisco, June 25, Senators Wade and Conkling and the House Committee of Ways and Means met with the representatives of the six Chinese companies of the city and several of the leading merchants and bankers. There was an interchange of compliment and sentiment, and one of the Chinese representatives, Fung Tang, delivered the following speech:

GENTLEMEN: It gives me, and all Chinese merchants of San Francisco, great pleasure to meet honorable Senators and Members of Congress of the United States. We are made very happy by seeing you here, for we can explain to you our wishes and the wants of our people. Our Government took pleasure in appointing an American Ambassador to make treaties with foreign Powers, and we are satisfied with your treaty with our nation, but want the just protection it promises. America is probably better known to the Chinese people than any other country, because many of our people have lived here, and written home faithful accounts of the country. China is a very old nation, but our people have learned many new things from the Americans. The population of China is very large, and intercourse between our countries will be very intimate, if we have just laws to protect us. You probably know that we have very rich merchants and bankers in China, but we cannot advise them to risk their capital here when their agent cannot testify in your Courts, for like your own capitalists they wish to know that their property 'is protected and secure to them before parting with it. Much gold and silver is boarded in China which might be used profitably here, if the Chinese felt sure we had full and proper protection. We merchants have tried to be honest and fair in our dealings with your merchants here, and have paid our debts to Americans as scrupulously as to our own people. The managers of some of your largest San Francisco firms, engaged in trade with China, who have trusted us for hundreds of thousands of dollars at a time, without security, are here to prove the truth of what I say. We have introduced your grain and other American produce into China, and labored to establish a trade, which, if properly encouraged, must prove of great value to this country. We hope you will pass a law doubling the Government pay to your line of China steamers, and oblige them to run each way twice a month; for we feel certain that the cost will be small, when compared to the benefits your country will receive. Captain Eldridge will tell you how much of their freight and passage money is paid by our people now—and should you increase the number of trips, we will do all in our power to support this line and thus insure its success.

At the banquet given in this city before the sailing of the first American steamship for China, I made a speech full of congratulations on the commencement of this great enterprise. All Chinese felt very happy, because we thought it would make our nations better acquainted, and we hoped you would, by knowing us, learn to like us, and be willing to protect us from some evils we now suffer, and which we think unjust. We think your special tax, collected only from Chinese miners, is not according to our treaty with your Government. We are willing to pay taxes cheerfully when taxed equally with others. We also think the tax of five dollars collected from each Chinaman for coming into this State is not right if this is a free country. But most of all we feel the want of protection to life and property when courts of justice refuse our testimony, and thus leave us defenceless and unable to obtain justice for ourselves, and often for others. The Chinese who come to California to labor are poor men, so our companies, which are formed to assist them, and not to oppress them, advance money to bring them here, but no slavery exists at all among our people, for every man receives wages for his labor and works voluntarily. Some people in California have said we had slaves here, but it is not true. We make men contribute from their earnings enough to pay their debts, if money has been advanced to bring them to this country. China can furnish you good, faithful, industrious men to cultivate rice and cotton in your Southern States if you wish to employ them; or to raise tea and silk in California, if you will make laws to protect and make them feel safe, and insure them equal justice with other nations, according to their treaty with your Government. As a people, we wish to do right and treat all people well. If you will converse with my countrymen here to-day, they will answer any questions you wish to ask, and we hope, on your return to Washington, you will speak favorably of us to the United States Government. For all Chinese in California and the Chinese merchants of San Francisco, we welcome you here, and thank you kindly for thinking of us and honoring us with a visit. We have received much kindness from many excellent people in California, all of which we appreciate, and for which we gratefully tender our thanks.

THE BOAT PRESENTATION TO MISS IDA LEWIS, THE HEROINE OF LIME ROCK, AT NEWPORT, R. I.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 3d, 1869.

BUT Newport—the "Oldport" of the magazines—had its own little but striking episode in its public demostration this morning. The citizens of this staid and somnolent city were, willingly or unwillingly, awake to the performance of a beautiful act of genuine heroine-worship, which, indeed, is worthy and likely to take its proper place as an incident in the life of Newport's latest and fairest celebrity, Ida Lewis, the Lightkeeper's heroic daughter.

Journal readers are certainly acquainted with the feats of daring, self-peril and humane heroism from time to time performed by this gentle girl, yet so slowly given to the notice of the public that it is only within the last three months that the world has known how life after life has been perilously rescued by her unassisted oar. So true is it, and so strange, that the taking of perhaps one human life is a surer passport to notoriety than the preservation of eleven. Her story will bear more than this brief outline—that she is the daughter of Hosea Lewis of the Lime Rock Light, a man now disabled by years or illness; of a mother who has displayed some of the highest traits which distinguish the girl; that accustomed from the first to the boat and its daily uses, she acquired proficiency with the oar in carrying her younger brother or sisters to their school, and at the age of seventeen performed her first life-saving act in rescuing four young fellows from a watery grave, alone, with her father's life-boat. At another time three drunken soldiers were indebted to her for a no less daring rescue, and again, some farmers, pursuing a swimming sheep, were accidentally imperilled, and but for her promptness and courage must have perished. There is but one other name, and that is Grace Darling, which has such a record, and it was fitting that there should be those within this city, within sight of the scenes of her unwitnessed exploits, and capable of appreciating her qualities, to tender her so true a testimonial as her gift this morning—the splendid and highly finished life boat, named the Rescue, the presentation of which, in the public square, was the prelude of the day's proceedings.

Thousands of men and women came to witness the presentation. There were music and flags, and the gift-boat, drawn by horses, took its place at the foot of the shaded mall.

There was a fierce rush and pressure for purposes of inspection, and probably the person who officiated as driver never had so many nautical questions to answer during his previous life-time. The proceedings were brief and exceedingly tasteful, and not at all overdone. At precisely half-past nine, Hon. Francis Brinley, now a Newport resident, took his seat in the stern of the boat followed by Miss Lewis and her well-chosen spokesman, Col. Higginson. It is safe to say that boat never boasted any crew with three more agreeable faces on forms to look upon. Manly and womanly they were, and what was well, wholly "at home" their respective places and at ease with "the situation."

"Your regular correspondent will, no doubt, give you the speeches in full. They were appropriate to the occasion.

Then followed the presentation by Hon. F. P. Sheffield, in behalf of the Narragansett Boat Club, of an elegant and highly finished rudder-head, with a brief but appropriate address, to which Col. Higginson's response was the happiest word spoken, for he said that, while with the boat and her own arm she might get along very well herself, the gift of a helm might enable her to take *another* along with her (which was understood as an allusion to her probable choice of a companion for the voyage of life).

There was still a third presentation of beautiful flags by Mr. Brinley, for which Col. Higginson repeated the thanks of Miss Lewis, and ventured to say that the daughter of a lighthouse keeper, sworn to the flag, was not likely to forget the one over her. The presentation ceremonies then closed.

At one point in the address of Col. Higginson, when the crowd interrupted with cheers, Miss Lewis modestly removed her veil in acknowledgment; and Col. Higginson said that while she did this there was not money enough in Newport to pay her for riding in a public procession. It was in the programme of the day that Miss Lewis would row her new boat to Lime Rock later in the day.

Miss Lewis is a person of marked character; slender, well-looking, modest and genial in all her ways, and took her part to-day quite easily, though evidently more at ease in a rougher element. No one can look upon her pleasant face and not be drawn toward her for her worth's sake no less than her humane exploits, and the world owes her its good wishes and long remembrance for her good deeds, her good heart and her good life.

Col. T. W. Higginson of Newport, in behalf of Miss Lewis, responded to the presentation address of Mr. Brinley in the following words:

RESPONSE BY COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Mr. Brinley and the Gentlemen who have presented this boat:

I am requested by Miss Lewis to return thanks in her name to the donors and to the citizens of Newport. Miss Lewis desires me to say that she has never made a speech in her life, and does not expect to begin now. She has worked out the problem of woman's rights in a different manner. She has been accustomed to assume the right of helping her fellow men without asking any question. She receives this boat with pleasure, not alone as an earnest of the good feeling of her fellow citizens, but also as a means of doing a little more hereafter, if occasion should come, in the same direction. She has fortunately learned to do what the proverb recommends as the hight of wisdom, to paddle her own canoe. She will endeavor to paddle this one, and if any of you should be so unfortunate as to get into difficulty in the neighborhood of Lime Rock, so long as you see this boat riding at anchor there, it will say to you as boys sometimes say to a playmate who has fallen, "come here and I will pick you up." Much has been said about her services in this direction. When she performed this duty she had no thought of its being recognized. In fact, I believe if she had thought what men would say about it probably the act would never have been done at all.

I may add that this disposition for rescuing life did not begin in this generation of the family; because when I asked Mrs. Lewis how she felt when she saw her daughter battling with the waves, her answer was, I had an idea after it was all over that she had been in a dangerous situation, but at the moment I did not think much about her, but only whether she would save the men.

Miss Lewis is grateful to you for your acknowledgment of what seemed to her a simple act of duty; and she is more grateful to the Divine Providence which enabled her to do what she hopes never to have to do again.

The thought of the dangers that men have undergone in these waters is to her a more serious thing than any praises she has received for helping them. May she, and all of her sisters in their spheres of duty, do the same thing, and save men whenever they get an opportunity. Every week of her life, when Miss Lewis comes to yonder hall and takes part in the exercises of the Good Templars, she is helping to save men from worse danger than the waves around the Lime Rock can bring. There is many a sailor who has passed the Lime Rock safely to be ruined among the grog shops of Newport. And when she is aiding on the temperance cause Miss Lewis is doing a work that will last after the last plank of this boat has been dashed in pieces on the rocks or molded away on the shore. Miss Lewis thanks you for your many courtesies; you, Mr. Brinley, for your expression of regard; and in taking leave of this company this morning—for as she has just told me there is not money enough in Newport to pay her for riding round the streets for a show—she thanks you for your kindness and bids you farewell.

Three rousing cheers were given for Miss Lewis at the close of Mr. Higginson's remarks. Hon. Wm. P. Sheffield then presented to her, in behalf of the Narragansett Boat Club of Providence, a black walnut helm, elegantly finished, bearing a silver plate appropriately inscribed. The officers of the steamer Newport also presented to her at the same time the gifts mentioned in a dispatch to *The Journal* on Friday. Three more cheers were given for the heroine, after which she was escorted to the house of a friend, and the boat was placed upon wheels and incorporated in the procession. In the afternoon the boat was launched and Miss Lewis rowed it to her residence on the Lime Rock. WHAT CHEER.

—*Boston Journal.*

(For the Anti-Slavery Standard).

LIKE THE ELM-TREES.

My youth grew not mid shadows
More than a century old,
Of elms whose swaying branches
Ancestral homes infold.

They wreathe the moss-grown roof-edge,
And make each room a bower,
Or nest amidst the leafage,
Or nook in minster-tower.

I know one like a fountain
Springing through meadow-grass;
Though far from rock and mountain,
No fairer here I pass.

But these transport me wholly,
With their rock-rooted strength,
Their dome of soaring branches,
And boughs' soft, drooping length.

Hither wild thoughts and fancies
Come flying like the birds;
Would that from these high branches
They'd sing in winged words!

Would that we, too, unconscious,
Might draw from constant skies,
All vital, gladdening forces,
With ever-new surprise!

Each Spring should find us reaching
Up nearer to the sun,
Down deeper midst the rock-springs;
So were life's tasks well done.

And monotones of ocean,
And sweet wood-notes of birds,
All strength and grace and motion,
Would breathe through our glad words.

M. R. W.

FESTIVAL OF THE TEACHERS OF THE FREEDMEN'S UNION COMMISSION.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE annual festival of the teachers connected with the New England Branch of the Freedmen's Union Commission took place at the rooms of the Parker Fraternity yesterday afternoon. The vacation of the teachers connected with the schools in the South occurs at this time, and the greater part of them return to the North both to visit their friends and to escape the torrid heat in the Southern States. The festival was a very pleasant occasion, as it has been from the first, its interest increasing from year to year as the operations among the blacks in the reconstructed States have beenextended. The hall was handsomely decorated. The gallery was hung with flags, busts of Summer and Phillips occupied prominent places on the walls, and bouquets were plentifully bestowed on the tables, desk and piano.

At four o'clock—the hour announced for the festival—the rooms were filled with the teachers, their friends, and the interested patrons of the Commission, and the buzz of lively conversation sounded from every corner of the hall. At a quarter before five o'clock Colonel T. W. Higginson took the chair and called the meeting to order. He said a few words in his usual happy vein, and then read the list of the teachers employed by the branch—adding that all were not present. While the names were being read bouquets were carried to each of the teachers by three bright-eyed young ladies simply but neatly dressed. The presentation of these graceful and appropriate gifts was very pleasing, not only to the recipients but to all present. When the teachers had been thus remembered, a similar attention was paid to William Lloyd Garrison, John G. Whittier, the Rev. J. T. Sargent, the Rev. S. J. May of Syracuse, N.Y., the Rev. John F. W. Ware of Baltimore, and Miss Edmonia Lewis, the sculptor.

William Lloyd Garrison was the first person called upon to speak. He said that he was glad to be present, spoke of the advance of public sentiment, and illustrated it by some incidents in his own career. He said that the teachers should be supported in every way, and to show how great the work, was he read some of the statistics from Mr. Alvord's report, now in process of publication.

John G. Whittier was called upon, but a sight of his kindly face was all that the audience obtained, his brief apology being drowned by the applause with which he was received.

A few remarks were made by Mr. Henry T. Hartwell principal of the State normal school for freedmen at Baltimore and a resident of South Walpole, and Miss Sarah Chase, whose home is in Worcester, one of the three teachers in Florida. Her earnest, thoughtful face betokened hard and conscientious labor, rather than fluency of speech.

Mr. Arthur Summer of Cambridge, who is principal of a school in Charleston of 384 pupils and six northern and three southern teachers, gave a very interesting account of his school, in which he said that the importance of all the schools in the South was exaggerated by giving them high names; thus a school ranking with a primary school in the North, is called a normal school or an institute.

The Rev. B. F. Whittemore, member of Congress from South Carolina and a native of Malden, and Rev. J, F. W. Ware of Baltimore were the next speakers. Henry Pendexter, one of the colored pupils, made a few remarks, using excellent English.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney, the secretary of the branch, was then called upon. In a low and clear voice and with a quiet grace and manner she described the school at Charlotteville, Va., of which Miss Anna Gardner and Miss Philena Carkin had charge. She said that it needed help and the whites refused to give any until "they saw how the blacks would vote," and that which had been pledged from the North had failed.

Colonel Higginson's humorous but earnest appeal brought out a subscription of $150 for the school, and after a few remarks by the Rev. S. J. May a light collation was partaken of by the company.

OUTRAGES ON CHINAMEN.—Some of the 1200 Chinamen who arrived on shipboard at San Francisco, June 17th, were brought ashore on the tug Goliah. Their baggage was landed with them on the wharf, and loaded on express wagons. The crowd then started for the Chinese quarter, the men running along in the street behind the wagons. Soon after leaving the wharf they were attacked by a crowd of men and boys, who would disgrace a tribe of Apache Indians. Stones, clubs, potatoes, and mud were thrown at them. Many were knocked down, and when they were down the white miscreants daubed their faces with mud, and pulled them around by the hair, being cheered on by the crowds lining the sidewalks. The shameful affair seems to have grown to the proportions of a riot, and yet no effort appears to have been made to end it.

LETTER FROM BENJAMIN EMERSON.

HAVERHILL, Mass., May 10th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I WAS surprised at the remarks of Miss Peabody, concerning Jesus, before the Radical Club of Boston, which I saw in THE STANDARD of May 1st. In regard to his last words, on the cross, "It is finished," she states "it was as much as to say "My plan has failed." This is surely a most unnatural explanation. It seems to my mind clear that it was a declaration that he had finished the mission for which he came into the world. His work on earth was accomplished. In his prayer in the garden, the night of his betrayal he said "I have glorified thee on the earth. I have *finished* the work which thou gavest me to do. And now O Father, glorify thou me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

Again Miss Peabody says "He was silent before Pilate, seeing that he had made a mistake." Strange reasoning this! It was when *falsely* accused by the chief priests and elders that he answered nothing—when Pilate asked him "Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?" that "he answered him to never a word." He was *not* silent before Pilate, but declared to him the object of his mission. He said, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world *that I should bear witness unto the truth.*" I cannot imagine what Miss Peabody meant by the charge that Jesus made a mistake, unless it was that He opposed Judaism; for immediately after the charge she adds "It was a glorious patriotism that Judaism inculcated." I think she will find the charge very difficult to sustain.

He accused the Jews of making the commandment of God of no effect by their traditions. I will refer to the 15th Chapter of Matthew as an illustration. It seems that they did not deny the correctness of the accusation. On every convenient occasion, He was faithful to point out their sins to them; and, not repenting of them, they were determined to persecute Him to the death and finally crucified Him. He was aware what would be the result, and foretold His disciples that He should rise the third day.

I feel much interested in the remarks of your Boston Correspondent, upon the belief and course of Cotton Mather and others, in regard to the Salem witchcraft, and that it gave those accused no chance of a fair trial. The adoption of false creeds have caused much evil in the world. The statement made by the Clergy, and accepted by a large part of the churches, that all contained in the Old and New Testaments were absolute truths, taught and written by inspiration of God, has done much to confound the judgment of the people; as there are statements there contrary to every sense of justice and the designs of the great Author of our being. I will give one of them for an example: The Pharisees came to Jesus and asked him "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife? tempting him. And he answered and said unto them, what did Moses command you?

And they said Moses suffered to write a bill of divorcement, and to put her away. And Jesus answered and said unto them. For the hardness of your heart, he wrote you this precept: but from the beginning of the creation, God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh: so then they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Here we see that Moses, to gratify the Jews, wrote a precept in violation of the designs of the great Author of our existance. Will any one have the audacity to say that he was inspired of God to do so?

If all the organizations, calling themselves Christian churches, should burn their sectarian creeds and come to the New Testament, and read the sayings of Christ with a desire to know their duty and do it, the result would be far more glorious than when, at Ephesus, many who believed came and confessed; and those who used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men. BENJAMIN EMERSON.

LITERARY.

Sabbath Observance is the title of a neatly printed pamphlet edition of a discourse by the Rev. Charles W. Tomlinson, of Hudson, N. Y. Mr. Tomlinson is an able and eloquent preacher of the Universalist denomination, with more of the spirit of progress than the average of his denominational associates. This discourse, called forth by the refusal of the other clergymen of the city to participate in the late soldier's memorial service, on account of the day, is a vindication of the Sabbath as a day not merely for the "affliction of the soul," but for true spiritual culture, for physical rest, and for rational social enjoyment. We quote:

"Rest, alone, does not fulfill its purpose. Rest, alone, loses its own ends. Indolence, do-nothingness, is not rest. Weariness can scarcely exceed that of the man who spends the Sabbath only in vain attempts to translate dullness into sleep. People who observe the Sabbath religiously, sometimes declare it is the hardest day in the week for them; but you may observe that they go to their worldly employments the next day with freshened powers. The reason is simple—

"'Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.'

"And the human sphere is one of spiritual, no less than of material culture. If the mental and spiritual exercise of the Sabbath brings weariness, it is the weariness of other powers than those which have been exhausted in the six days' toil; and fresh vitality is taken in at the very fountains of life, to supply the needs of another week. No truth is more fully established, than that the physical tone is largely determined by that of the moral and spiritual nature.

"But, quite as much as by torpor, the Sabbath is violated, in its spirit and purpose, by clothing the day in sackcloth, filling it with gloom and austerity, or so much as tying its observance down to a round of church services. That answered when we had not understanding enough to go beyond the Mosaic letter; but it is time we had become men and women in Christ Jesus, serving in the newness of the spirit. The Sabbath is *ours*; we do not belong to *it*. It is ours to use, both for physical rest and the nourishing of the better part of our natures.

"I have referred to the European Sabbath. Do not suppose I design to commend, without reserve, the license so generally prevailing there on that day. But if the 'mere amusement, animal enjoyment, junketing and riot' of the European are foreign to the spirit of the institution, our American sombreness, unnatural restraint, and even entire church-appropriation of the day, are no less at variance with the Sabbatical design, because at variance with *man* as God made him. He who *cramps* my nature on the Sabbath, is as much my foe as he who leads it into lawlessness."

He concludes as follows: "Christian friends! Let the Sabbath be to you a day of worship; of loving, grateful worship. But think not to place it in hostility to the free, gushing soul; and then to secure its observance by the penal enactment of a civil code, or by a church assuming to fulminate wrath in the name of Jehovah. We shall have a Sabbath gladly honored by the people, only when we learn that it is not founded in *law*, but in *love*; only when we learn that it is not a day to afflict our souls, but a day in which to draw nearer to the Fountain of all bliss.

"A day of rest and gladness,
A day of joy and light;
A balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful and bright."

Roberts Brothers have issued in three parts with paper covers Auerbach's *Villa Eden; The Country-House on the Rhine*, translated by Charles C. Shackford. Littell and Gay are also publishing this deeply interesting story in weekly instalments in *Littell's Living Age*. It is rich with the liberal German thought, and contains many beautiful passages which lose much of their power even with the best translation. Auerbach has identified himself in this work with our American struggle for the abolition of slavery. We thank him for his noble words in behalf of justice and equality, based on the recognition of a common brotherhood. He must have studied well the developments of the slavery question in our country to have given us such faithful pictures of its results. No sketch of the story can do it justice. We will quote only a passage which pertains to the revelations which came to a young German youth who had been early taught to reverence Benjamin Franklin:

"Everywhere, by day and by night, Roland talked of what was agitating his soul; and, for the first time, he felt something like distrust of Benjamin Franklin. He learned, indeed, that Franklin was president of the Abolition Society in Philadelphia, but, also, that he, like the other great heroes of the American War for Independence, in his earnest desire for unanimity at the time the Union was founded, had trusted to the expectation that slavery would be extinguished within a lifetime by the mere increase of free labor.

"This hope had proved deceptive, and Roland recalled with anguish that remark of Theodore Parker's,—

"'All the great charters of humanity have been written in blood.'

"Often did Roland stand thoughtfully before a picture of Ary Scheffer's which hung in the large sitting-room. It represented the adoration of Jesus; and there was a negro in it, stretching out his fettered arms toward the redeeming and consoling Saviour, with a most affecting expression. For two thousand years, this race had been extending its fettered hands toward the redemptive thought of mankind. Why had this lasted so long?"

Miss Alcott's Magazine, *Merry's Museum*, for July contains the following attractive table of contents, illustrated with numerous engravings:—"An Old-Fashioned Girl," by Louisa M. Alcott; "How Johnny became a Newsboy," by F. Cheseboro; "Hollywood—Star Gazing," by Mary N. Prescott; "The Eve of St. Bartholomew," by C. A. Baker; "My Fourth of July," by Louisa M. Alcott; "The True Story of Maggie Murphy," by Wirt Sikes," Music: "The Jolly Old Crow," by D. W. Lothrop; Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag, Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer, Merry's Monthly Chat with his friends. Terms, $1.50 a year. Specimen numbers, post-paid, six cents. Horace B. Fuller, Publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

The Springfield Republican says:

"Miss Alcott having ceased from literary work on account of her health, will not complete her New England novel at present; and therefore her publishers, in default of something new from her pen, are going to reprint her "Hospital Sketches," which appeared in the *Commonwealth* in 1863, and were received with great applause. They were collected in a little volume by James Redpath, who also published a few of Miss Alcott's short stories. Some of these, and some of the other stories of the camp and the family—eight in all—are to be added by Roberts to the volume containing 'Hospital Sketches.' We predict for the new collection as great popularity as 'Little Women' has found. The 'Sketches' were originally letters written from Washington when Miss Alcott was a hospital nurse there, in the winter 1862-3."

RECEIVED.

MOPSA, THE FAIRY. By Jean Ingelow. With Illustrations. 244 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

PAPERS FROM OVER THE WATER. A Series of Letters from Europe. By Sinclair Tousey. 204 pp. New York: American News Company.

WANDERING RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOMEWHAT BUSY LIFE. An Autobiography. By John Neal. 431 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

LETTICE LISLE. First issued in America in *Littell's Living Age*. 94 pp. Boston: Littell & Gay.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for July. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

Merry's Museum for July. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

The Gardener's Monthly for July. Philadelphia: Brinckloe & Marot.

American Anti-Slavery Society.

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Miscellaneous Department.

JUNE.

BY LYDIA A. CALDWELL.

JUNE to-day has been unbinding
All the beauty of her hair;
The pure fragrance of her tresses
Floats through all the golden air,
And the greenness of her garment
Lies about us everywhere.

There is folded down an odor
In each bud the sun unlocks;
There is laid a rosy garland
On the brown and rugged rocks;
All along the brook's meander
Gleams the purple of the phlox.

One would guess that late last evening
While the sky hung calm and blue,
An unlooked-for wind had shaken
All the stars in clusters through,
And had bathed the sleeping meadows
In a shower of golden dew.

For the buttercups are flashing
All about you as you pass;
Far adown the vale the cowslips
Are one lush and golden mass,
And the dandelion blossoms
Shine like gems among the grass.

When the birds, like painted shadows,
'Neath the branches come and go;
Where the brooks, with silver music,
Through the vale melodious flow;
'Neath the elm tree's swinging branches
Bloom the lilies like the snow.

Here I've sat for full an hour,
Gazing round me like a child,
Where the brook and river mingle,
With a rapture strange and wild—
Where, about the cottage windows,
High the lilac bloom is piled.

And a sadness, like the dimness
Coming o'er a twilight sky,
Steals upon me. I remember
That the beauty which doth lie
Like a golden dream about me,
Like a dream will soon pass by.

But a spirit falls upon me,
E'en as erst the passing seer
Cast the glory of his mantle
O'er his brother's grief and fear,
And a voice is speaking to me
Which my soul alone may hear.

And I sit as I were dreaming,
Till the soft melodious tune
Of the waters to a murmur
Low and liquid, seems to swoon;
In the spirit of thy beauty
Is my soul baptized, oh! June.

"A TIME TO LAUGH."

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is hard to believe that a good laugher is either cruel or deceitful. A smile, a sniff, a short, and as it were monosyllabic and staccato laugh, may all consist with guile. But deep, melodious, rolling laughter, that rises and falls like a wave, can that belong to artful nature?

Possibly it may. We have never known but a single instance in which a good, sweet and wholesome laugher was insincere; and in this case it was, we suspect, more a habit contracted in society than a real taint of disposition.

There may be silly laughter and much of it, but there is full as much silly sobriety. A boy that laughs at nothing shows a kind of exuberancy of nature. But a man who will not laugh upon just cause manifests a lean and barren nature. It is what musicians call *ciphering*—as when one touches a key on the organ and the pipe does not sound.

Mirth and merriment have a bad name among sober folks, but so do sober people among the merry. Each pities the other. One because his opposite does, and the other because he does not, laugh. We take sides with—well, for the time being, we take sides with the Fraternity of the Laugh.

If there be sin, it must inhere in the manner of doing it, and not in the quality of mirth. That it is the inspiration of the mind and not a mere muscular and animal chuckle, is shown by the fact, that animals below man do not laugh. They are not highly enough endowed. They have no soul, no moral sentiment, little complexity of mind, out of which arise those curious junctures, or crossings of ideas, which awaken laughter.

An animal is not immortal, (we are told), and cannot laugh. As long as the flesh predominates laughing is impossible; add a soul, and the creature begins to laugh! It is a superior attribute. It comes along with Conscience, Hope and Faith, and if it will only keep in their company, laughing will always prove a means of grace.

We are displeased with the low and unworthy functions sometimes apologetically assigned to it. It is good for digestion, it is said; it is a moderate exercise,—as if, like a sneeze, it was a purely physical phenomenon. But a laugh is born of a thought; a sneeze of only a tickle. Sneezing is an affection of the nose and parts adjacent. But laughter is the child of the soul. It springs from the immortal part, and the whole body is but an organ of expression. Every true laugher knows that, when he has laughed till he coughs, till tears run down his cheeks, till his sides ache with shaking, till he is deaf—in short, till the body has exhausted all its means of expressing delight, that the *idea*, which caused all this tumult, has not exhausted itself, nor has it been satisfied with the inarticulate expression of laughter. It is the soul that laughs first and most, and the body but reverberates the echoes. Laughing is good for digestion. But this is the least and lowest of its good offices.

It is a soul-cleanser. It cannot endure shams. It loves good-humored ways among the thoughts; and when conceits have slowly turned to deceits, and partial and unfair notions are choking up the soul, and unworthy feelings are depositing soot along the soul's passages, a genuine laugh is like a fire in a foul chimney. Certain sorts of shocks, explosions, conflagrations seem to be needed, from time to time, in the mind. The faculties grow numb and become stiff. The soul, like a well, collects mephitic gas, and needs burning straw to be thrown down till it is driven out. In boyhood, a sound whipping has a wonderfully stirring effect. We never enjoyed it; but after it was all over, we took hold of life with new zest. It was a transient cuticular regeneration; a rousing peace of news, the ecstacy of a great joy, or the shock of an excessive sorrow, giving to the mind a lift upward; and if one has the stamina of good health, these rude revolutions and shakings prove to be admirable alteratives. But they are not good for daily use. The mind needs to be roused and shaken every day, without too severe a blow. Laughter does it. It topples down a man's sham dignity. It makes his foolish pride give way—at least for the moment. It sweeps away all pretences and make-believes, and pitiful social distinctions. In an unexpected uproar of laughter at genuine wit, or humor, every man in the room is on a level, and a flush of good fellowship goes round. Even obstinacy, that old curmudgeon of the soul, yields a little.

Sobriety, too, is a good thing. It is the firm ground through which laughter runs, like a brook in a summer meadow. But that is the best sobriety that is like a bank, holding in the musical stream. Sobriety, just a little removed from the edge of laughter, is wholesome.

But the dull and trite sobriety of passionless life has no business to assume airs of superiority over virtuous mirth. Seldom is mirth deceitful. But sobriety is a mask worn by Hypocrisy and Pretense. Sobriety is employed all the world over to make witless men seem wise; to cover worldliness with the guise of virtue; to simulate piety, and to garnish a worthless life with the aspects of respectability. Sobriety represents the precious virtues, as the bills of solvent banks represent the precious metals; but in both cases, when the banks suspend payment the bills still circulate.

Commend me to an honest man, that looks you straight in the eyes, that dare contradict you, that laughs with you, laughs at you, but who, when occasion comes, is silent and sober, and holds your palm hard with his right hand, and brushes a tear from his eyes with the other.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

MEDITATIVE POETRY.—A notice of "Under the Willows" in the last London *Saturday Review* opens thus:

Perhaps sweet meditative verse is not the kind in which contemporary poetry is least strong or least abundant. The movement which Wordsworth began, and of which he remains the chief master, still runs on, and, with perhaps a couple of exceptions, of which Mr. Browning is the most remarkable, affects every poet of our time, from the mellifluous Laureate down to his weakest imitator. Mr. Lowell brings to his old form and mood a vigor and freshness that make it as good as something newer. This freshness of impression may be due partly to the changed moral climate of a poet who carries the poetic forms of Old to New England, and partly to the peculiar and homely directness which marks Mr. Lowell in his serious as in his well-known humorous productions. At all events there is nothing imitative about his poems. They are stamped with the mark of his own personality, and this may well compensate for the comparative want of lyric swell and pulse. If we do not find the same spacious atmosphere which gives such nobility to Wordsworth, there is a consciousness of being very close to the human life in its concrete expressions which is both attractive and elevating to all but the highest degree.

The reason why so much of the meditative verse of our time is so weak is that it is vaguely and generally meditative; it is cloudy, loose, and unattached to positive circumstance. Just as in prose, in divinity, morals, and philosophy, so in verse; to be abstract and universal is, except with the giant who once in a couple of generations raises his head above the crowd, to be vapid, diluted, insignificant, and insincere.

RESOLUTION.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout,
Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it get cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear—
Hear it.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF HAWTHORNE.

THE note-books give plenty of pleasant illustration of Hawthorne's peculiar, quiet, and playful humor—that humor which springs from close, slow scrutiny of the minute points of life, and which is quite as much true criticism as humor. Take, for example, this observation on one of his children: "One of the children drawing a cow on the blackboard says, 'I'll kick this leg out a little more,' *a very happy energy of expression*, completely identifying herself with the cow; *or perhaps as the cow's creator, conscious of full power over its movements.*" Or take the remark, "There is a kind of ludicrous unfitness in the idea of a venerable rose-bush. . . . apple trees, on the other hand, grow old without reproach." Or, again, take the following, apparently written at a time when his wife was away, and he had no servant to look after his house: "The washing of dishes does seem to me the most absurd and unsatisfactory business that I ever undertook. If, when once washed, they would remain clean for ever and ever (which they ought in all reason to do, considering how much trouble it is) there would be less occasion to grumble, but *no sooner is it done than it requires to be done again.* On the whole, I have come to the resolution not to use more than one dish at each meal." Or this, on a piece of boiled beef which he had boiled himself at great pains and trouble: "I am at this moment superintending the corned beef which has been on the fire, as it seems to me, ever since the beginning of time, and shows no symptom of being done before the crack of doom. . . . . The corned beef is exquisitely done, and as tender as a young lady's heart, all owing to my skilful cookery. . . . . To say the truth, I look upon it as such a masterpiece in its way that it seems irreverential to eat it. Things on which so much thought and labor are bestowed should surely be immortal."

His humor arises, as it seems to us, in all these cases from the magnifying glass under which he views a somewhat minute phenomenon, till we see its characteristics exaggerated and caricatured in relation to the proportions of ordinary life, and partly also from the humorous but determined resistance which his mind offers to every attempt to subdue it to uncongenial habits. Thus he says elsewhere: "I went to George Hillard's office, and he spoke with immitigable resolution of the necessity of my going to dine with Longfellow before returning to Concord; but I have an almost miraculous power of escaping from necessities of this kind. *Destiny itself has often been worsted in the attempt to get me out to dinner,*" which strikes us as a stroke of true humor, and true self-knowledge, all in one. His own shy, solitary nature was so averse to any attempt to assimilate it to the temper of ordinary society, that it might truly be said that destiny itself had failed in the attempt to get him to dine out like other folks, just as the most solid masonry often fails to crush a flower, and will even be rent assunder by the upward growth of a tender plant. But besides the truth of the application to himself, there is real humor in the conception of Destiny as trying to get any man "out to dinner." It really is what Destiny seems oftenest to insist upon, and to succeed in, in these days, in spite of enormous obstacles. Hawthorne never displayed his humor more finely than in thus depicting the same Destiny which, in the Greek drama devotes itself to the most sublime tasks, as engaging itself, in this flaccid, and yet in some senses far *more*, closely knit, nineteenth century, in the ignoble task of bringing an irresistible pressure to bear in order to get men to go out to dinner!

On the whole, these two volumes, though not all interesting, form, perhaps, the more on that account one of the pleasantest books for lazy moods we have seen for some time, at least, for any one who cares to study so unique a character as Hawthorne's. There is in every page enough to excite a certain gentle expectation, in most pages some remark of real interest, in many pages very keen, acute, and curiously microscopic observations.—*Spectator.*

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

FROM an article in the *Galaxy*, by C. W. Elliott, which is devoted to the career of Charlotte Cushman, we copy the following concerning her first success in England:

For eighty-eight successive nights our little pale New England girl—now grown to be a tall and stately and noble woman—delighted the best audiences of London and of all England. Thenceforth from that day she was not friendless or solitary. Then her two letters, which she had sent on her arrival in London, brought a response; for, not only was she a successful actress, she was also a person much to be desired by those who loved and valued talent and worth. Then Rogers, the poet and banker, came to see her, and placed his house and himself at her disposal; and at his house she met and knew some of the first and best in England, and they are second to none in the world.

Five years now passed, in which was work well done and well paid. All over England she went. Everywhere welcomed, everywhere commanding, not begging attention. She had that to give which all wanted, for what she had to bestow was the finest ore of genius wrought into perfectness by labor. Fame, praise, and money now flowed in upon her. To her then came from America, mother, brother, sister, leaving behind them hardship, fear, anxiety; they came to partake with her the bounties of success, the smiles of favor. There was no fibre of meanness or greed in this strong and generous nature; she was ready to do, willing to give, quick to see, swift to act. And henceforth she was to have the ability to do that which her heart greatly desired, which is the great blessedness of earth.

But while she has found her work and her place to do it, she has a sister who also wants work and needs success. Then she consents to lay aside the robes of Lady Macbeth, the trailing garments of the Queen, to put off from her her womanhood—for a time—that she might be Romeo to that sister's Juliet. It was a risk, a dangerous one; for a great woman is always greatest as woman; and never can she ape the step and grip of man. But she dared the risk for the end to be gained; and for thirty nights the two appeared as the fondest of lovers, most tender, most unfortunate.

For a hundred and eighty nights she played in various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, not thinking that that splendid physical nature was not made of steel and catgut. But it was not. She broke down, and for nigh a year was useless; not all the strength of will or the aspiration of the soul availed aught. The body must be fairly treated, or it breaks up in mutiny and calamitous rebellion. She was useless, would she ever be anything better? Time and patience can repair many damages, if they do not restore to wholeness the broken branch; and when the return of health and strength sent the good red blood coursing through those veins to that brain, it said:

"Your work is not done—go home and do for your own people what you have been doing for strangers so long and so well."

She came, and through some years enjoyed the satisfaction of interpreting to us the great masters of the dramatic art as they had never been interpreted before.

This is no place for criticism or comparison; but let me say, that if ever there appeared to us a great actress, who was true to nature and the impulses of her own soul, it was this one. While she had seen and studied others, she had studied not to imitate, but to excel; and always her models have been the inspirations of her own genius.

A TWILIGHT SCENE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back,
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm house like a bird's nest hung;
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred,
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture bars that clattered as they fell.
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barnyard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinkling clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

THE AGE OF OUR EARTH.—Among the astounding discoveries of modern science, is that of the immense periods that have passed in the gradual formation of the earth. So vast were the cycles of the time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidence of the deposits of rocks heaped upon each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's works on earth; but when we add to these the successive populations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil of whatever kind, on which they lived, has hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great convulsions—or the changes of a different nature in the configurations of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continent and islands above—or the slow growth of the coral reefs, those wonderful sea-walks, raised by the little ocean architects, whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries that there are extensive countries, mountain chains, islands, and long lines of coast, consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that have grown up, flourished and decayed, to fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology of which our experience furnishes no data, and time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception, as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.—*Agassiz.*

THE HEART.—"The effect of everything that touches the heart is multiplied by the heart's own changes. Hence, also, it never wearies. Let me remind you of the work done by our hearts in a day. A man's total outward work, his whole effect upon the world, in twenty-four hours, has been reckoned at about three hundred and fifty foot tons. That may be taken as a good, 'hard day's work.' During the same time the heart has been working at the rate of one hundred and fifty foot tons. That is to say, if all the pulses of a day and night could be welded into one great throb, that throb would be enough to throw a ton of iron one hundred and twenty feet into the air. And yet the heart is never weary.

"Many of us are tired after but feeble labors; few of us can hold a poker out at arm's length without, after a few minutes, dropping it. But a healthy heart, and many an unsound heart, too—though sometimes you can tell in the evening, by its stroke, that it has been vexed during the day, that it has been thrown off its balance by the turmoils and worries of life, goes on beating through the night while we are asleep, and when we awake in the morning, we find it at work, fresh as if it had only just begun to beat. It does this because upon each stroke of work there follows a period, a brief but real period, of rest; because the next stroke which comes is but the natural sequence of that rest, and made to match it; because, in fact, each beat is in force, in scope, in character, in everything, the simple expression of the heart's own energy and state."—*Wonders of the Heart's Action," in Appleton's Journal.*

BEST METHODS OF REST—SLEEP.—History tells us that of those few great brain workers of the world who died prematurely, many brought on or aggravated their diseases which carried them to their early graves, by depriving themselves of necessary repose. * * * * * *

It is well for hard-working students to take a noonday nap, either just after—or, better still—just before dinner, especially when their sleep at night has been seriously disturbed. It is better to take a nap just before than just after dinner, because the sleep is usually less dreamy and more refreshing when the stomach is tolerably empty than when it is loaded with food. There is wonderful refreshment in a nap of half an hour just before dinner—especially for the nervous, the dyspeptic and the over-worked. It calms the nerves, rests the brain, equalizes the circulation and prepares the system for the reception of food. * * —*Dr Beard.*

WHAT EDITORS HAVE TO DO.—If we reflect upon the variety of matter in a newspaper; that the work has to be done rapidly, and cannot in many particulars have the deliberation of the closet, from the very nature of the case; that, no matter what takes place, the comment thereon must be made, the demands of the situation being as remorseless as tide or time, moving on regardless of affection, affliction, misfortune, death—when we consider these things and more that we might mention, all will understand that the general accuracy of the press and its general character for literary excellence are something remarkable. That, under these circumstances, the daily press of the country makes a few blunders; mixes up dates or facts badly; kills a dead man now and then, or buries a live one; misrepresents an opponent, or too warmly eulogizes a friend; or cuts other fantastic tricks, is not surprising. If it did not, the gods and not men would be the conductors of the press. That it performs its general duties of chronicling the goings on of the whole world, in events and in ideas, and makes valuable additions besides to the best of general literature, is matter about which those growlers at the press and those pretenders in it, who could not write an advertisement for a lost puppy so that it could be parsed, had better stop to think about.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

UMBRELLAS.—Among articles of every day use, fewer improvements, perhaps, have been made in the construction of umbrellas than anything else, variations in material and pattern being unaccompanied by essential improvement in principle. The latter result seems, however, to have been accomplished lately in England by what is called the Panteles Umbrella, the main features of which consist in the adoption of ball and socket joints at each end of the stretchers, instead of the customary forks, and the use of a spring and wedge lock for holding the umbrella open or shut, instead of the customary long wire spring which weakens the handle so much. The advantages claimed are greater durability, facility in taking out any stretcher for repair, impossibility of having the umbrella turned inside out, etc. The construction of the whole is very simple, although difficult to explain without a figure, and the cost of manufacture very little more than that of the old-fashioned kind.

DEBORAH SAMPSON.—In the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine* there is a very interesting account of Deborah Sampson, a girl who served as a soldier during the American Revolution, and preserved her disguise through many adventures, hardships, and wounds, for about two years and a half. She left the army with high testimonials from her officers, and received a pension from Government. Her parents were in reduced circumstances, and before assuming male atttire she had been apprenticed to a farmer in Plymouth County, Massachusetts; but her family had been one of consideration, Gov. William Bradford being her direct ancestor. She married in 1784, being then in her 24th year, and became an exemplary wife and mother. She died at Sharon in 1827.

RECENTLY DISCOVERED GOETHE RELICS.—These relics were originally bequeathed by Goethe to his *valet*, Krause, and include a cup, with portrait on it of Carl August, in hunting costume, and probably presented by him; a snuff box, with a vignette of Goethe, stamped in platina; Goethe's spectacles, in silver; a pen, and a golden pencil-case; an amber cigar mouth-piece, in which a bee is petrified; a silver pipe-cleaner; a hand-fetter; an iron candle stick; a lock of hair cut off by Krause himself; a short birthday poem, never printed, in Goethe's hand-writing; and some books, kept by servants, relating to household expenses.

THE Russians are among the earliest of modern races who adopted, and put in practical form, the co-operative society system. From the most ancient times there has existed among their peasant population communes of societies, in which a trade or neighborhood would band together for mutual pecuniary aid and protection. The system exists in large cities as well, and is productive of material well-being for the participants.

GOD warms the earth with snow; can He not also calm the soul with grief?—*Wayside Thoughts.*

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REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE CONFERENCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

'IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERRUIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

COUNT G. de CHAOLY, T. GAUVIY, } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M D., 696 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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Syphilis or *Venereal* and *Mercurial Diseases* are cured by it, though a long time is required for subduing these obstinate maladies by any medicine. But long continued use of this medicine will cure the complaint. *Leucorrhœa* or *Whites, Uterine Ulcerations*, and *Female Diseases*, are commonly soon relieved and ultimately cured by its purifying and invigorating effect. Minute Directions for each case are found in our Almanac, supplied gratis. *Rheumatism* and *Gout*, when caused by accumulations of extraneous matters in the blood, yield quickly to it, as also *Liver Complaints, Torpidity, Congestion* or *Inflammation* of the *Liver*, and *Jaundice*, when arising, as they often do, from the rankling poisons in the blood. This *SARSAPARILLA* is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are *Languid* and *Listless, Despondent, Sleepless*, and troubled with *Nervous Apprehensions* or *Fears*, or any of the affections symptomatic of *Weakness*, will find immediate relief and convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial.

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VOL. XXX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

AARON M. POWELL, EDITOR.

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MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in a letter accompanying a remittance for THE STANDARD, writes as follows:

WAYLAND, MASS., Feb. 1, 1868.

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